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Saturday Review

May 1, 1976

75¢

IS MARS ALIVE?

by Isaac Asimov

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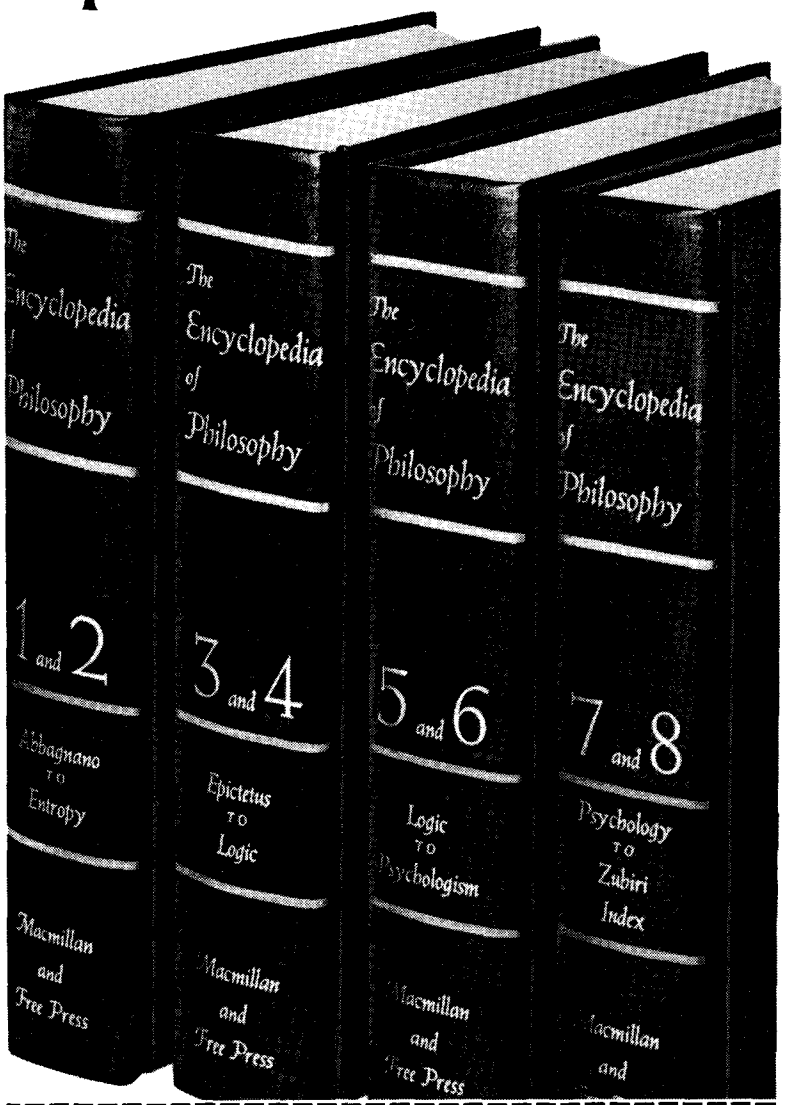

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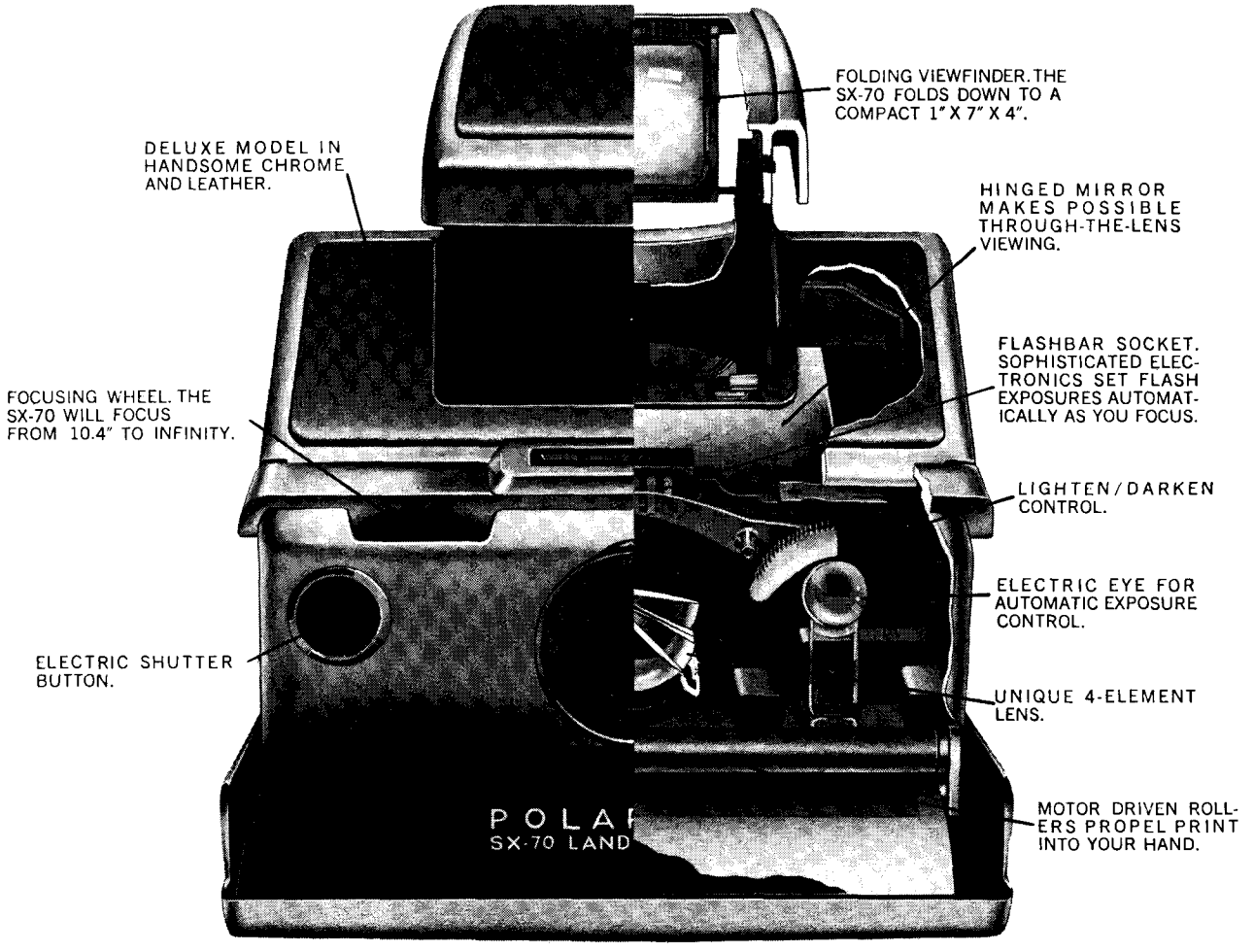
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Does Anyone Remember A. E. S.?

One night, almost 24 years ago, Adlai E. Stevenson sat around a dinner table with some friends and discussed the strategy for a Presidential campaign. He had brought the group together, he said, because he needed advice on how best to persuade his fellow citizens that he could be entrusted with the Presidency. Should he appeal to them through general approaches, or should he be highly specific on issues?

A member of the group who had been close to President Roosevelt said that he hoped Governor Stevenson would not make the mistake of taking strong stands. He quoted F.D.R. as saying that the more specific a candidate becomes, the more certain he is to alienate large blocs of voters. This doesn't mean, he said, that you avoid controversy altogether; what it does mean is that a candidate should take general positions—on social justice, full employment, and peace, for example—and he should do it with great passion. He should attack political opponents in a way that makes it obvious to everyone that they are enemies of everything that is good in America.

Most of those around the table agreed. They felt that Stevenson, rather than jump into controversial issues, should come before the American people in the tradition of F.D.R., carrying the New Deal into the future. The Korean War was still being fought at that time. President Harry Truman had ordered Americans into combat and had been able to get the support of the United Nations behind us—morally and physically—in that struggle; but the American people were eager to bring the war to an end. Most of Stevenson's friends around the table that night urged him to soft-pedal the issue of the Korean War. It was felt that, if he became too specific, he would be in an awkward position with respect to the President, who stood halfway between those who supported General Douglas MacArthur in advocating a full-scale military effort to achieve outright military victory, and those who called for complete withdrawal.

Another issue had to do with charges of favor-peddling, petty graft, and bungling in the Truman administration, generally referred to as the "Washington mess." Stevenson was urged to dissociate himself from that mess as adroitly as possible. His friends advised that he should meet the problem, not by repudiating the Truman administration, but by surrounding himself with people of unimpeachable public reputation.

Stevenson said very little at the table that night. The next morning, we drove to a place about 10 miles outside Springfield, Ill. We stopped on top of a knoll that rose high enough above the surrounding plains for us to see the quilted designs of rich farmland stretching toward a distant skyline. Stevenson said that Abraham Lincoln often came to this spot when he wanted to be able to think quietly and sequentially. Lincoln liked to look out over the furrowed fields; it gave him a sense of dimension about America. The spaciousness around him carried over to his own thoughts.

Then Adlai Stevenson referred to the discussion of the previous evening. He said the one thing he intended to do in the Presidential campaign was precisely what he had just been advised not to do. He wanted to talk about issues. He was excited about the opportunity of talking sense to the American people about the condition of their society and the great task of building a safer world.

One of the issues we discussed that morning was the need to head off the development of thermonuclear weapons by the United States and the Soviet Union, and, in a larger sense, the need to avoid a nuclear-arms race that could eventually involve a dozen more nations. Many people had been led into thinking that the United States was so far ahead in nuclear development that the possession of such weapons by other nations would never be a problem. Stevenson believed these were dangerous mass delusions, and he intended to say so. He said he could think of few more urgent problems before the nation and the world than the need to avoid getting trapped in a deadly arms race.

He knew it was hard to get Americans aroused about problems that might not come to a head in their time, but he felt that an aspiring President has an obligation to later generations and not just to his own. He knew that this position would give the professional politicians the shivers. Maybe, he said, a President ought to be judged by the number of times he gives shivers to the professionals.

As the campaign progressed, Stevenson appalled the "experts." He spoke to the issues. He dealt with specifics. For example, he tried to communicate to the American people his profound concern about the policy of stockpiling weapons of mass suicide. He didn't hesitate to speak about the needs and the rights of the next generation. He called attention to the growing tendency of powerful nations to arrogate to themselves the right to meddle in the domestic affairs of smaller nations in order to seek a balance of power in the world.

Most important of all, he spoke about moral values. He identified questions that ordinarily don't get into the mainstream

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of political campaigning. He showed respect for his opponent. He gave no one hell. He didn't attempt to talk down to anyone. He regarded running for the Presidency as a privilege that carried with it the obligation to talk sense.

Stevenson lost that campaign. His example has been used ever since by politicos and "experts" to demonstrate how risky and indeed foolish it is to become too specific about issues or to take definite stands during a campaign. What they overlook is the fact that Stevenson was running against Dwight D. Eisenhower, one of the two or three most popular Americans in public life in the past half-century. General Eisenhower wasn't afraid to commit himself on one of the main issues of the 1952 campaign—the Korean War—and pledged to bring that war to an end, which he later did as President.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are now in the middle of a Presidential election year. The candidates will be making a serious error, we believe, if they think they can get by on affability and a confident air. A lot has happened in the quarter-century since General Eisenhower won his landslide. Vietnam, Watergate, the assassinations of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy, have produced a somber public mood about politics. People's confidence in government has been impaired. They need solid evidence that a man who wants to run for President is able to do the job. They are not easily snowed. Our guess, therefore, is that this would be a poor time for anyone to try to coast in on toothy grins. Integrity, intelligence, vigor, competence—these are all esteemed traits, but the electorate also has a right to ask what a candidate proposes to do about the main challenges to America and the rest of the world.

It may be that Adlai Stevenson was a quarter-century ahead of his time. He said that the main problems before us are world problems—and he called for the development of world institutions to deal with them. He was concerned about the depletion of our physical resources, but he was even more concerned about the depletion of vital energies in people. He believed that the job of leadership is to restore those energies and to give people confidence in their own capacity to move toward even the most difficult objectives. In a curious sense, he expressed many of the things that his Presidential opponent, Dwight Eisenhower, deeply believed but may have lacked the eloquence to put into words.

If the current candidates want to speak effectively to the present public temper, they would do well to set aside the notion that the American people are incapable of following a serious argument or weighing the merits of a case. There has been a substantial upgrading in the educational level of the American citizenry. People have been conditioned by Vietnam and Watergate to look for details instead of broad brushstrokes. They don't want easy answers. They are prepared to support tough decisions if they understand the reasons behind them. They can be treated like grown-ups.

N.C.

Report on NSLA

One year ago, the editors announced the formation of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. The purpose behind the NSLA is to provide a rallying center for all those who believe the arts are not less important than politics or science or industry or labor as a national manifestation and concern. This is not to juxtapose the arts against other pursuits, for the arts should infuse every aspect of human activity; but neither should they be relegated to a subordinate role. Hence the establishment of the NSLA.

The *Saturday Review* has a direct relationship with NSLA, in much the same way as the *National Geographic* magazine is connected to the National Geographic Society, and the *Smithsonian* magazine to the Smithsonian Institution. All subscribers to *Saturday Review* are entitled to the benefits of Society membership and are welcome to participate in its activities. In the past year NSLA has organized tours to various cultural centers of the world. Walter Terry, *SR*'s dance critic, recently escorted groups of NSLA members on ballet tours to the Soviet Union. NSLA also has organized symposia on the condition of the arts in America. James Michener, who serves on the NSLA's board of governors, led a symposium several months ago at the Tarrytown Conference Center in Westchester, N.Y., on the problems of the first novelist. Another NSLA conference dealt with the growing difficulties of this country's flourishing but money-starved opera companies. These meetings have been in the nature of pilot projects. NSLA is exploring the possibility of holding similar conferences throughout the country. Plans will be announced in the regular "Artsletter" feature of *SR*.

THE PAST YEAR has seen an intensification of the paradox of the arts in America. Interest in the arts is burgeoning, but the arts have seldom been more impoverished. Music, painting, architecture, dance, and motion pictures are commanding greater attention than at any other time in the past half-century, but the financial condition of the arts is hardly a matter for national pride. Budgets for arts programs in the schools are being cut, but there is no difficulty, apparently, in finding massive sums for new science buildings or institutes of technology. Regional theaters are springing up in response to the intense general interest in drama, but the support for the mainstream of such theaters has been lagging. In New York City, for example, more than 50 percent of art teachers in the public schools have been permanently dismissed. This trend is all too common across the country. Budgets are tightening, but the political constituency has not yet been created to protect the artist and the arts in America.

One of the most successful community arts centers is in Midland, Mich. This unusual enterprise is made possible through the commitment to the arts of Dow Chemical Company. A single building, beautifully designed, incorporates a concert hall, small theater, art gallery, and museum. The quality of life for many miles around has been enhanced by the Midland Arts Center. Why should it not be possible for this center to become the prototype of 20 or 30 such regional undertakings across the country?

The question of what the National Society of Literature and the Arts might do about the struggle for survival of the arts was considered at a recent informal meeting with representatives of major arts organizations in New York City.

Out of that discussion came a number of useful suggestions. These suggestions recommended community and regional meetings, under the auspices of NSLA or other existing groups, in which cross-fertilization of ideas might take place. *SR*'s editors would encourage readers to bring about such meetings and to communicate to us the results of their discussions. □

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Letters From Readers

Consumer Guide Sought

The entire issue on psychotherapy is beautifully planned, researched, and written. As awareness of it spreads, I am sure it will become required reading. . . .

A disturbing thought comes from Morris Parloff's article ("Shopping for the Right Therapy," February 21). It is a masterful summary of the state of psychology as it exists today in our world. And I congratulate him. As I read it, however, I felt uneasy. I realized that my dissatisfaction stemmed from his statement "It is wise for him [the patient] to select carefully from among an array of qualified therapists the one whose style of relating is acceptable to him."

This, intentionally or not, is a statement of pure irony. How does the one out of eight who needs psychological help in our society exercise his wisdom to "select carefully"? Where does he go, or to whom can he apply, for referral or even for information? Must he pay $25 to $75 as a fee to five or more therapists in his search? Does he have any money-back guarantee if after 10 or so sessions he and the therapist decide they are mismatched? This problem is widespread, painful, and costly.

John Hornberger
Annapolis, Md.

Misguided Sacrifice

I am writing regarding the error in Richard L. Tobin's article ("Nominating a President," February 7). Anyone with regard for history would have noticed that the Davis nomination of 1924 would have been a strange sort of "sacrificial lamb to Warren G. Harding" since that President had died in 1923.

As a historian who is completing a dissertation which is related to the origin and influence of the national nominating convention, and who like most of his counterparts is looking for a job, I write this letter to point out the possibility of being a researcher for your magazine.

Robert O. Rupp
Syracuse, N.Y.

Richard L. Tobin responds:

Touché. Since Harding died in August 1923, John W. Davis had to be a sacrificial lamb to Coolidge, not Harding, in November 1924! Incidentally, I was mistakenly identified as former "National Publications Director of Citizens for Eisenhower." The original copy read "National Public Relations Director of Citizens for Eisenhower." It must have been one of those days.

Psychotherapy Praised

Thank you for including in your special section, *The Psychotherapy Jungle*, Jarl Dyrud's article ("Toward a Science of the Passions," February 21). Most interesting is his point that each analysis should be approached as unique and involving fresh discoveries; the analysand is not predestined to confirm Freud's theories on personality development.

Underlying Freud's work and psychotherapeutic method was a devotion to the truth that many today have, in their search for a simple answer and instant cure, abandoned. Jarl Dyrud demonstrates again this questioning spirit and thus stands in sharp contrast to those who seem to care more for the "scientific method" than for the observable facts themselves. Attempting to quantify the unquantifiable has led to a new jargon that is divorced from human experience and much research that is trivial and of little practical value.

Jarl Dyrud's writing reflects a sane and thoughtful attitude toward his work. He has made a strong case for his orientation and has shown many of the arguments lodged against the psychoanalytic method to be without substance.

Robert Sommers
Terre Haute, Ind.

Theorist's Amendment

I wish to compliment you for your excellent coverage of psychotherapy.

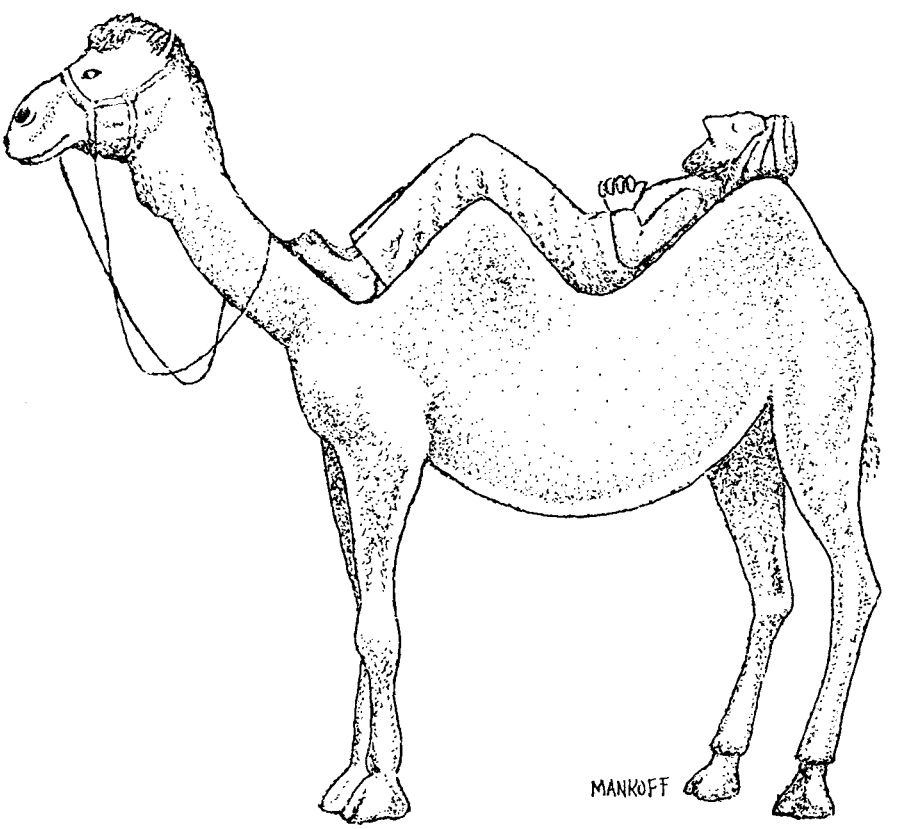
However, in Joann Rodgers's article a misstatement occurs regarding my concept linking hyperkinesis to the ingestion of artificial food colors and flavors ("The Great Megavitamin Flap," February 21). Although foods containing natural salicylates may be involved, the main thrust of the diet is concerned with the elimination of all foods with artificial food colors and flavors.

Further, because the adverse reactions to these chemicals are not immunologic in nature, the response is not "allergic" and therefore should not be labeled as "cerebral allergy."

You will be interested to learn that double-blind crossover studies in this country have validated the thesis that dietary intervention influences behavior.

Although I have great admiration for Dr. Linus Pauling, my concept should not be included in orthomolecular medicine, which is based upon an endogenous disturbance of homeostasis. My concept should more properly be considered as an exogenous disturbance that has been very aptly labeled by Australian investigators as an "ecologically determined maladjustment."

Ben F. Feingold, MD, Chief Emeritus, Dept. of Allergy, Kaiser Permanente Medical Center, San Francisco, Calif.



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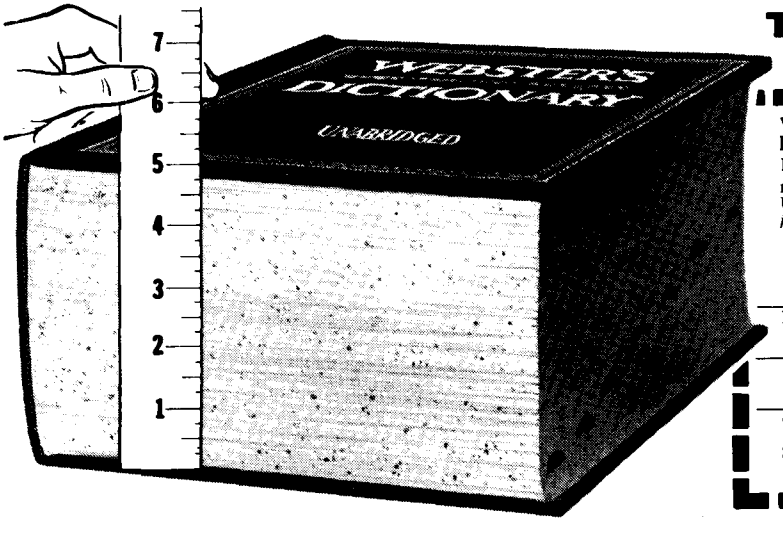

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Hold That Tiger

Tiger for "a powerful and volatile person" and especially for "a strong, passionate lover" has become so common in American English that the TV commercials have caught up with it. I take this usage to be pure metaphor. A tiger is a feral pouncer, and, in the nature of language, girls with a taste for being ferally pounced will find words to suggest their inclination (though in the nature of everything else it can also turn out that the girl is the tiger and the boy the pussycat).

I can find no connection between this tiger and the one of "to have a tiger by the tail," meaning to be in trouble as soon as the tiger swivels (and bearing in mind that tigers are fast swivelers). I can guess that this usage is based on a folk story, but I have been unable to locate it.

Most other usages of *tiger* in American English derive from faro. Faro was far and away the most popular casino game in 19th-century America. Its name is a simplified spelling of *pharaoh*, the deck used for the game portraying pharaohs more or less as the modern deck portrays kings.

The other most distinctive symbol of the faro deck was the tiger. It appeared not only on some of the cards but also on the shoe from which they were dealt, which was, accordingly, known as the "tiger," as was the dealer, the man who handled the shoe for the house. In faro, one plays against the shoe, or tiger. The common expression "to buck the tiger" means, therefore, to play faro, and, in an extended sense, to gamble, to take a chance.

"Lucky Tiger" was once a common name for a gambling casino, and survives as a trade name for a lilac-scented (if I recall correctly) hair tonic once prominently displayed in barbershops. The name was probably meant to suggest to the barbershop customer that (once properly scented) he was a devil of a sport forever ready to take a chance.

As the name of a casino, however, "Lucky Tiger" leaves something in doubt. What can it mean but "lucky dealer," clearly implying that the odds are with the house and that the customer is a sucker? What sort of advertising pitch is that? Yet I have been able to find no evidence that anyone understood the name in this sense.

For language, so sensitive an instrument at times, can also be so firmly set by habituation that absurdity becomes all but invisible. "Time clock" has always struck me as such a language form. What else is a clock for? Certainly "punch clock" would be a more natural name for the clock at which workers punch in and out. Yet "time clock" has been accepted as if its redundancy was not worth noting.

I suspect that the easy acceptance of that name was prepared by the earlier-established usage of *time* as "wages due for the amount of time one has worked"; as in the standard line of Westerns, "Draw your time and git." The time clock was the clock that kept *that* time rather than the time of day. And so "Lucky Tiger" probably suggested the pounce of luck rather than the implicit "the house wins and suckers lose."

"Hold that tiger" is probably related to "buck the tiger," and has become an ever-recurrent refrain in American jazz. One might argue that it derives from "to have [hold] a tiger by the tail," and perhaps it does, but early jazz is full of references to gambling (cf the repetitions of "Jack o' Diamonds"), and gambling seems much more natural to it than the plight of tiger-snatchers. "Tiger Rag," it would follow, means at root "gambler's song" (in ragtime), "ragtime" being basically syncopated or "ragged" time.

Two other common 19th-century American usages, however, have nothing to do with faro. One was the common "three cheers and a tiger for so-and-so," the *tiger* (a natural metaphor) being a shrill yowl to round off the three cheers.

The other was *blind tiger*, or simply *tiger*, for a place that sold liquor illegally. No etymologist has, to my knowledge, suggested an origin for this usage. It was commonly interchangeable with *blind pig*, which survived to become, during Prohibition, a standard term for *speakeasy*, while *blind tiger* disappeared.

That leaves *paper tiger* as the more recently accepted Chinese communist title of scorn for nations that appear to menace but that offer no real threat to red-righteousness.

And now, a commercial word from the sponsoring language that brings you these variations on the Indo-European root *steig-*, "sharp," "pointed," whose family of products includes, among others, *stick*, *stigma*, *distinct*, *sting*, and *etiquette*, along with Greek *tigris*, "tiger," itself a product of our Middle Eastern subsidiaries meaning "arrow," by way of reminding you that, at root, a tiger's "the beast that strikes like an arrow."

Hold it, but carefully, for the tiger is lucky and has a long winning streak against those who have tried to take it by the tail. Though I don't stand a chance against you, tiger. □

"I'm only seven years old and I'm already sick of politics."

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THE PULSE OF THE SEA

A Monthly Letter by Jacques-Yves Cousteau,

president, The Cousteau Society

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

Twenty years from now, we may read the following story in our newspapers:

MAY 1, 1996, NEW YORK CITY—Mr. Howard P. Sanders, president of Wesgeco, announced today that the new 5,000-Megawatt Type H Super Breeder Counter-Reactor nuclear plant recently built in Battery Park, downtown Manhattan, reached peak capacity yesterday. Wesgeco, the giant created by the merger of the nation's two largest electric power companies, acquired in 1992 exclusive rights to the "counter-reactor fission extinguisher," the revolutionary safety system patented in Brazil by Dr. Ricardo Gonzalez. The "fission extinguisher," which makes nuclear plants as safe as a conventional home laser cooking range, has motivated the municipality of New York to build the powerful Super Breeder Reactor in the heart of the city, and to open playgrounds for children on the premises of the plant. Dr. Gonzalez and Wesgeco officials also announced that they have granted licenses to build similar plants in Hyde Park, London; Place de la Concorde, Paris; and Tiergarten, Berlin.

UNFORTUNATELY, Dr. Gonzalez's safety device is still a fantasy. Today, the confusion about nuclear power is very real:

1976, LOS ANGELES—California citizens, torn between contradictory information, are facing Proposition 15, a vital and difficult vote on the questionable safety of today's nuclear-energy plan. They have discovered that the Diablo Canyon atomic generator was located right on the Hosgri Fault, one of the famous fracture lines that threatens California with impending earthquakes; such absurd mistakes make the man in the street very suspicious of the reassuring dialectic of the atomic lobby.

1973, NEW JERSEY—Public Service Electric and Gas Company applied to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) for a license to acquire from Offshore Power Systems, in Jacksonville, Fla., four nuclear plants. The application is still under review. Why offshore? "The move offshore is largely public relations," charges biophysicist Arthur Tamplin. "They expect less opposition out there."

In other words, if we have a skeleton in the closet, let's move it offshore, or dump it in the sea, out of sight, and get back to business.

Thus, misty silhouettes may soon cluster along the horizon off the Atlantic coastline. A single floating structure would house a nuclear-fission system with a radioactive inventory equivalent to the fallout of several thousand Hiroshima-sized bombs. Each of these offshore atomic power plants could generate sufficient energy for up to 1 million Americans—if all goes well. Should a serious accident occur, however, the 100-odd tons of molten white-hot and intensely radioactive materials inside the reactor could melt down through the floor of the plant and hit cold seawater. With the force of a steamy volcano, an immense quantity of pollutants would burst into the world's oceans.

Among the components of radioactive materials that would be released, the most dangerous is Plutonium 239, which remains deadly for 250,000 to 500,000 years. Balanced on the scale of time, the life and menace of radioactive plutonium extends about as far into the future as the era of Neanderthal man dates from the past.

When introduced into food chains, these radioactive materials irradiate bone and other tissue and alter the structure of genetic materials, causing malformed babies generations after the original contamination.

Government officials have been pressed by the public for assurances that the plants now in operation do not pose this everlasting threat. According to Ben Rusche, director of reactor regulation at the NRC, "There is no such thing as absolute safety in anything you do. When you drive a car, you take a risk. Our mandate under the law is to ensure that the risk of malfunction and a resulting accident is so very low that it is not a matter of concern."

Some scientists and engineers, however, would challenge that statement. They are especially indignant about what they call "sloppy" safety measures.

Should the reactor's regular and emergency core cooling systems become damaged—or are unreliable to begin with—the nightmare of a "reactor core meltdown" would become a reality. The materials inside the reactor would melt through their containment. About 20 percent of their radioactive content is gaseous and would drift into the air, possibly causing fatalities more than 20 miles downwind, depending on the conditions. In a land-based plant, the rest of the materials would melt down hundreds of feet into the soil; but at sea, they would scatter, contaminating thousands of cubic miles with radioactive levels far above human tolerance. A recent study conducted by Norman Rasmussen of MIT for the NRC predicted that an accident at a land-based plant would result in "only" 2,300 deaths, 5,600 people made acutely ill, the irradiation of 2 million people, surveillance of 40,000 square miles to detect the contamination of milk, and a cancer curse that would last for years. Although studies of offshore plants have not yet been completed, scientists say that there is reason to believe that the consequences of such an accident at sea would be far worse than those of a comparable accident on land.

According to Dr. Henry Kendall, professor of physics at MIT, the record shows that the equipment that controls these vital cooling waters—and the operators who run it—can be unreliable. To name only a few examples:

- A workman using a candle to check for air leaks in a reactor at the world's largest nuclear power plant, in Brown's Ferry, Ala., ignited the insulation of electric cables. The fire disabled the cooling and the emergency systems on a sister reactor. Finally, operators found a way to power some undamaged equipment, but some experts say that the plant was within a narrow margin of having a melt-down at the time of the rescue.
- A mistaken connection between a 3,000-gallon radioactive waste tank and the water system caused radioactive water to spurt from the drinking fountains in one plant.
- A task-force study on the reactor-licensing process identified 850 "abnormal occurrences" in 17 months (an abnormal occurrence is defined as an unscheduled incident that the NRC deter-

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mines is significant) that involved "malfunctions associated with safety-related equipment. . . . Many of the incidents had potentially significant consequences."

We have already made mistakes with the storage of atomic waste as well. Wastes from nuclear weapons were stored in steel tanks outside Hanford, Wash. One leak of 115,000 gallons went undetected for seven weeks in 1973. Since then, citizens of Hanford have sometimes found containers for urine samples at their doorstep; the population is tested for radioactive contamination.

Scientists point out another problem in dealing with nuclear fuel and nuclear wastes. Never have the possible consequences of sabotage been so awe-inspiring as in our nuclear age: at every plant, at every storage place, each time materials are transported, radioactive fuel is vulnerable to terrorist threat. An amount of plutonium as small as a softball is enough to create a bomb that could kill tens of thousands, according to Theodore Taylor, onetime atom-bomb designer. The information for making such a bomb was declassified years ago.

Still, the passion with which physicists criticize existing safety systems is equaled by the sincerity of pro-nuclear-industry executives and government officials. George Wald, Nobel Prize-winner in physiology, explained this scientific sway: "One needs to distinguish advocacy from judgment. Advocacy is what a lawyer does for his client. It is one-sided. But judgment is something else. It must weigh both sides, one hopes impartially. A bewildered and uneasy public is forced to rely upon the opinions of experts. But then it is crucial whether those experts are advocates or judges." Nuclear-industry spokesmen and their affiliates in government and universities are hardly judges; they are advocates.

The whole murky debate on nuclear power, however, must finally be scrutinized in the context of a larger problem. For too long we have treated our ocean as if it were a large sewage tank with a drain that empties into infinity. Millions of sailors and yachtsmen daily throw over the side—out of sight—whatever they prefer not to keep on board. They wait for night to pump out of the bilges the filthy mixture of burned oil, paint solvent, and rotten water that will plague the sea the next morning as an ugly slick. Each year, U.S. coastal cities, most notably Los Angeles, New York, and Houston, dump a total of more than 100 million tons of poisonous sewage sludge "out of sight" into the oceans, a deadly mass that may boomerang back to the populated coastline. Industry annually pours millions of tons of sulfuric acid, zinc, lead, copper, arsenic, pesticides, mercury, cadmium, and other poisonous products "out of sight" into the water system, literally to get conservationists off their backs. In 1945, 20,000 tons of Nazi ammunitions, some of it containing mustard gas, were sunk in the Baltic Sea, and from 1949 to 1972, gas bombs were netted 16 times by fishermen, sometimes resulting in severe accidents. Recently, drums of nerve gas were immersed by scuttling an old Liberty ship in just one more of these very human but irresponsible moves.

The Pilatus syndrome—that is, dump it and wash your hands—is no more an expediency. It has now developed into an entirely new, fundamental moral issue.

The "anonymous crime" of conventional poison-dumping is aimed at no one in particular, but it may bring about abominable agonies somewhere around the vast ocean. The most typical example is the well-known mercury poisoning episode in Minimata, Japan. Because it was the first accident of this kind, the Minimata mercury-dumpers were punished for "involuntary crime" only. But today, because of this precedent, any mercury release in the water system, however anonymous, should be considered as nothing less than a deliberate murder attempt.

The ultimate conceivable escalation in "anonymous crime" consists in threatening not just innocent populations who have not been asked if they accept the risk imposed upon them, but whole *unborn* generations! The nuclear risk, however attractive to pioneers in nuclear technology, may very well fall into the unprecedented class of criminology that could be named "remote-controlled mass murder" or "time genocide." Real heroes, like Lindbergh or volunteer firemen, risk their *own* lives *only* for progress or to protect other human beings. But imposing risk on our distant lineage is a guilt that cannot be washed away over seven generations.

Nuclear plants must be made safe enough to be built right in the center of our big cities. As long as this uncompromising requirement is not met, it would be unforgiveable to move them out of sight, into the desert or offshore.

Inspired by Landru, the famous French criminal who killed 10 women and then burned them all in his kitchen stove to get rid of the evidence, Charlie Chaplin's film *Monsieur Verdoux* featured a relaxed murderer in quest of a clean conscience. Let us try to protect, while there is still time, the unborn grandchildren of a nuclear Monsieur Verdoux.

What we dump "out of sight" in the sea will not remain for long "out of mind." Like Edgar Allan Poe's telltale heart, hidden out of sight under the floorboards, the loud pulse of the agonizing ocean may soon obsess our permissive mind.

Cousteau Society Briefs

More than 6,000 people from Alabama, Georgia, and Florida gathered in Lakeland, Fla., on Sunday, March 28, for The Cousteau Society's first Involvement Day. From 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. they joined the Society in celebrating the environment.

To demonstrate their solidarity in the common cause, other ecological organizations participated in Involvement Day activities. The enthusiastic collaboration of most of the environmental groups of the area helped demonstrate that a majority of Florida residents consider environmental issues to be of the greatest urgency. Even the children, who had their own special session, including a question-and-answer period with Jacques-Yves and Philippe Cousteau, demonstrated their awareness and concern for the protection of life by making beautiful drawings and clay sculptures and by asking amazingly pointed questions.

Following the afternoon lectures, scientists, technicians, and the general public formed special-interest panels. They passionately discussed energy, water quality, diving systems, and civic-action opportunities.

The implication of this historic happening is clear: people want more reliable information about environmental problems, and they want action. The music of Hickory Winds, Tom Paxton, and the Paul Winter Consort echoed the feelings of all who participated. Together with local organizations, The Cousteau Society has now created an even stronger bond with the public. We have even greater expectations for our next Involvement Day, to be held in California this spring, just prior to the vote on nuclear power. □

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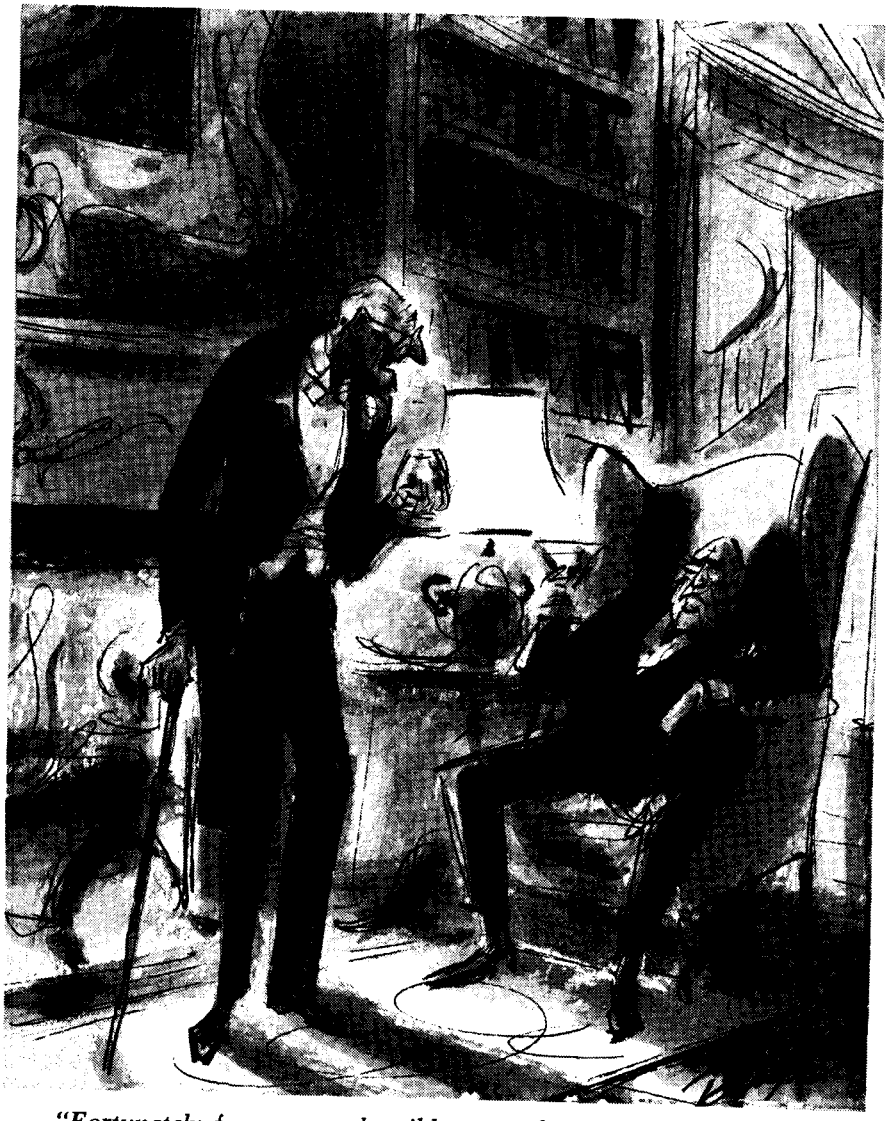
Britain Up the Drain

by Roland Gelatt

London

It is one thing to read about Britain's rampaging inflation from a distance of 3,000 miles and another thing altogether to experience it at first hand. Returning to London for a quick check-up on the country's state of health on the eve of Harold Wilson's "abdication" as Prime Minister, I stop at a hotel around the corner from my old flat in Kensington. When I left here a little more than a year ago, the subway fare into central London was still 10 pence; it is now 20 pence and will go to 25 pence this summer. Fishing out a coin for the morning paper, I learn that it costs double what it did a year ago. And at the little Italian restaurant around the corner, where £2 used to buy an excellent dinner, the bill now runs close to £4. For Americans turning dollars into pounds, the rise in prices is partially cushioned by a 20 percent drop in the exchange rate. For the British there is no cushion, only an inexorable decline in living standards.

That decline is now felt across the entire spectrum of British society, affecting even such previously immune constituents as the miners and railwaymen. Until recently, price rises had little effect on that considerable part of the working population whose pay packets are regulated by trade-union agreements. For them it had become an article of faith that wages would increase at least as fast as the rate of inflation. No longer is this the case. Last summer, as inflation approached an annual rate of 30 percent and national bankruptcy loomed on the horizon, the Labour government persuaded trade unions throughout the land to limit wage increases for the next 12 months to a maximum of £6 ($12) a week. In effect this meant that an average wage earner would get, at most, a 10 percent increment in take-home pay to cover a 25 to 30 percent rise in the price of food, fuel, and transportation. This was bitter medicine for a Socialist government to administer, and it is turning out to be a hard pill to swallow. Though no one is going hungry—except perhaps for Britain's woefully underprivileged old-age pensioners—there is now considerably less "discretionary income" for non-essentials. People are making do with the clothes already in their closets, forgoing a new paint job for their homes, thinking twice about their cherished foreign holidays.



"Fortunately for me, my horribly warped and tragically unhappy childhood propelled me into a very comfortable income bracket."

To compound the slowdown in wages, increased taxation is in the offing. One of the unlooked-for consequences of Britain's recent wage inflation has been to put the laboring class in tax brackets previously reserved for the more affluent middle class. Twenty years ago the tax collector took a mere 10 percent of the average industrial wage. Today the average worker ("average" meaning someone with an annual income of about £3,000) is allowed to take home only a little more than two-thirds of what he earns. And tomorrow, one gathers, the tax rate on even minimal incomes is to rise further.

Despite its ravenous tax bite, Britain's exchequer remains deep in the red. The state borrows £1 for every £5 it spends. And how it spends! Government now disburses 60 percent of the nation's income. This, of course, is the legacy of the welfare state—the mixed economy supposedly combining the best features of socialism and capitalism that was to turn post-war Britain into a demi-paradise. Well, it hasn't worked out that way, and even the Labour leadership is now crying uncle. In a much-publicized report on public expenditure, the government is admitting that matters have gotten out of hand. The aim now is to reduce state spending from 60 percent to 53 percent of national output by 1980. This is purportedly to be achieved by whittling away at the welfare state—cutting the budgets for education, housing, local services, nationalized industries,

(Continued on page 59.)

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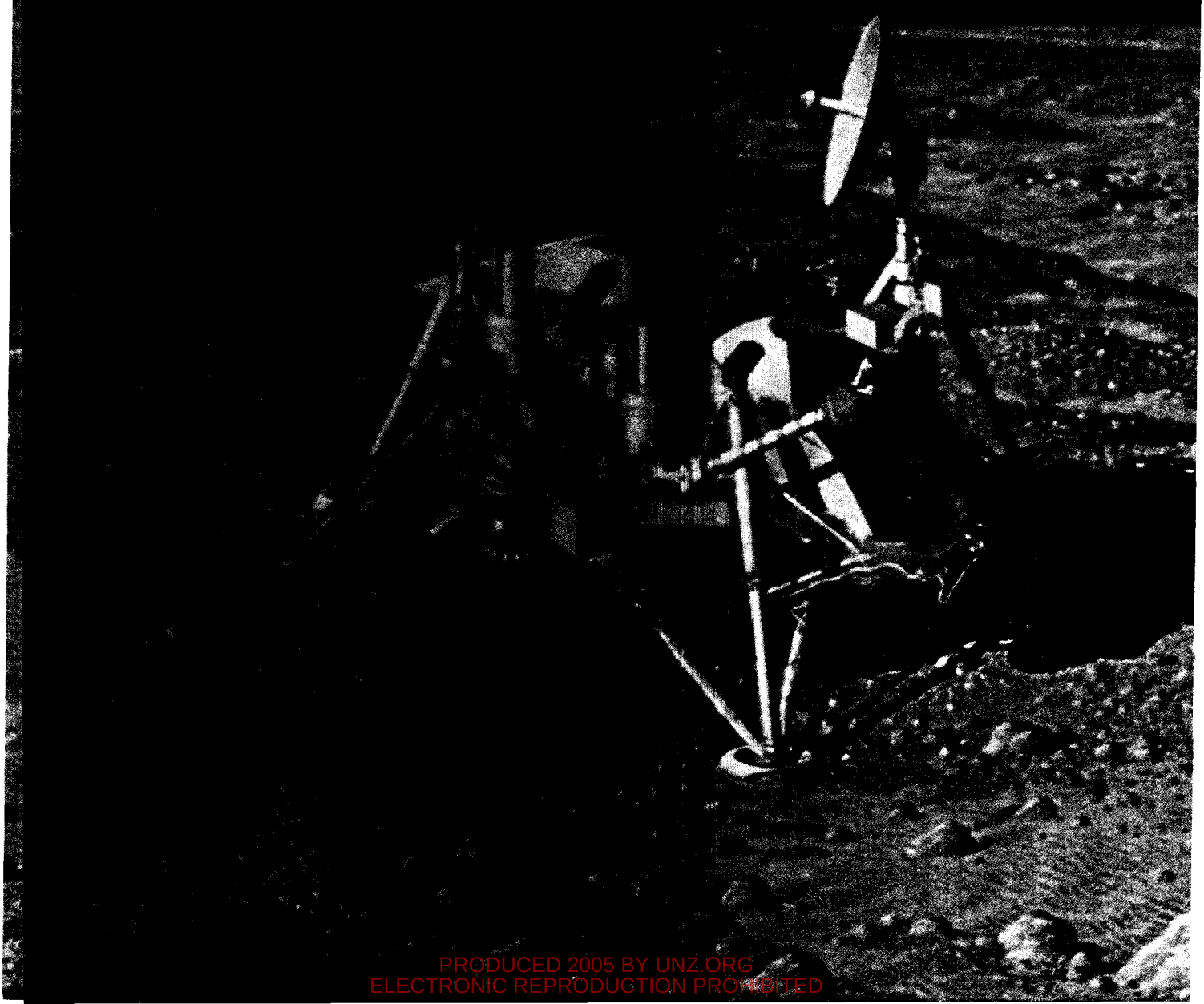
IS MARS ALIVE?

On Bicentennial Day, July 4, two Viking spacecraft will, if all goes well, land on the surface of Mars. What their instruments tell us about the mysterious Red Planet will be well worth the $1 billion price tag.



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by Isaac Asimov

When human beings first began to dream of other worlds, they took it for granted that there would be life on those other worlds, even intelligent life. Why should worlds have been created if they were to be merely desert wastes? In the 1600s, however, after the telescope was invented, astronomers found that the moon lacked air and water, so the concept of a dead world forced itself on mankind. As knowledge increased about worlds still farther away, conditions there, too, were pictured increasingly as inimical to life. Not surprisingly, people accepted the idea of dead worlds with disappointment, and continued to hope for life beyond the earth, *somewhere*.

In 1877, there came a turning point. Something came up that seemed to present, for the first time, definite empirical evidence in favor of life on at least one other world. In that year, Mars and earth were at those particular points in their orbits that brought them to nearly their minimum distance from each other of 35 million miles. Mars offered exceptionally good viewing, and astronomers hastened to turn their best new instruments upon it. One of those interested was the Italian astronomer Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, who, as a result of his observations, produced the best map of Mars anyone had yet managed to draw.

Schiaparelli noted dark areas that he considered to be bodies of water, and light areas that he considered to be land. Connecting the dark areas, Schiaparelli saw, were a few dark markings that were rather straight and thin. He thought these were narrow connecting waterways, and called them *canali*, by which he meant *channels*, or merely "narrow waterways." However, *canali* was translated into English as *canals*, which are, of course, *manmade* waterways. In this way, almost exactly a century ago, the "canals of Mars" entered the thinking of astronomers and non-astronomers alike, and the notion arose of Mars as inhabited by a race of intelligent beings.

It didn't seem unreasonable. Mars is smaller and colder than the earth, but not very much smaller and colder. It is eight times as massive as the moon; it has a definite atmosphere; it has ice caps; it has seasons similar to those of the earth. As a smaller world, however, with a surface gravity only two-fifths that of the earth, it might not be able to hold onto air and water as our own world can. The canal-building Martians, some therefore began to think, were indomitable engineers, fighting to keep their small planet viable against the slow but steady loss of water that was leaving it largely desert.

In 1894, the American astronomer Percival Lowell established an observatory in Arizona. For years, he studied Mars closely through the clear air of the Southwestern desert and drew maps showing what he saw as an intricate lacework of canals. Eventually, he placed 500 of them on his maps, and described the way they changed with the seasons and met at "oases." In 1908, Lowell published a book entitled *Mars as the Abode of Life* and became one of the foremost proponents of the concept of intelligent life on Mars.

Even more influential than Lowell in convincing people, generally, that there

Photographs: Jet Propulsion Laboratory/NASA

Springtime on Mars—Mariner 9 photos taken in 1972 show the polar ice cap shrinking during the late Martian spring.

Painting by Donald E. Davis

Invader from the planet earth—an artist's view of the Viking lander on Mars.

Isaac Asimov's Murder at the ABA, *a murder mystery, has just been published. It is his 172nd book.*

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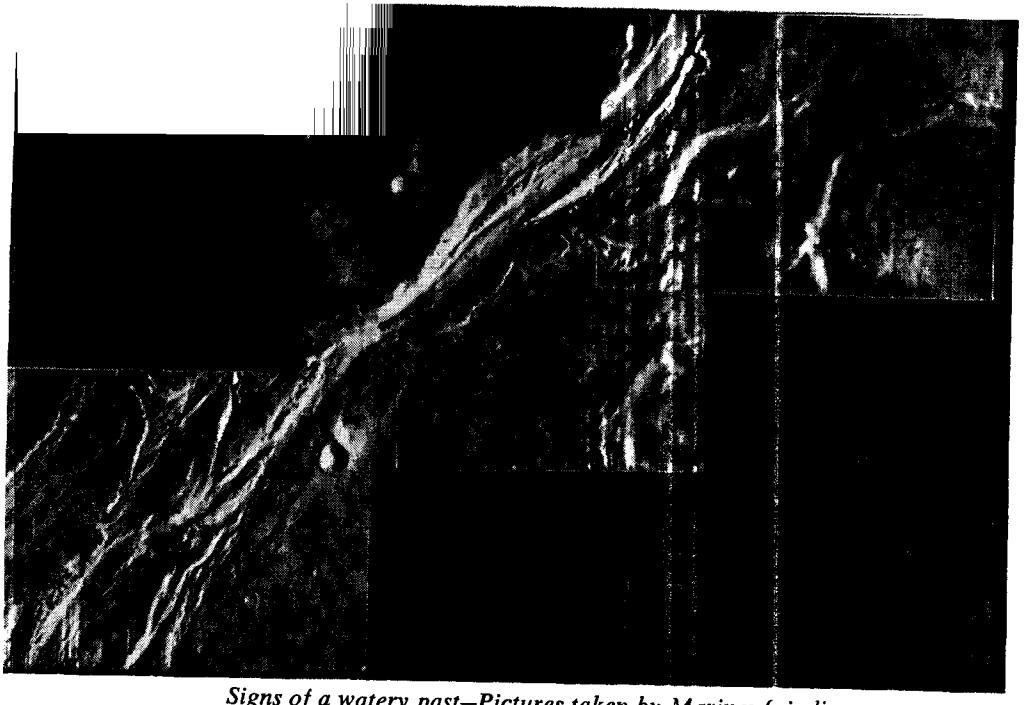
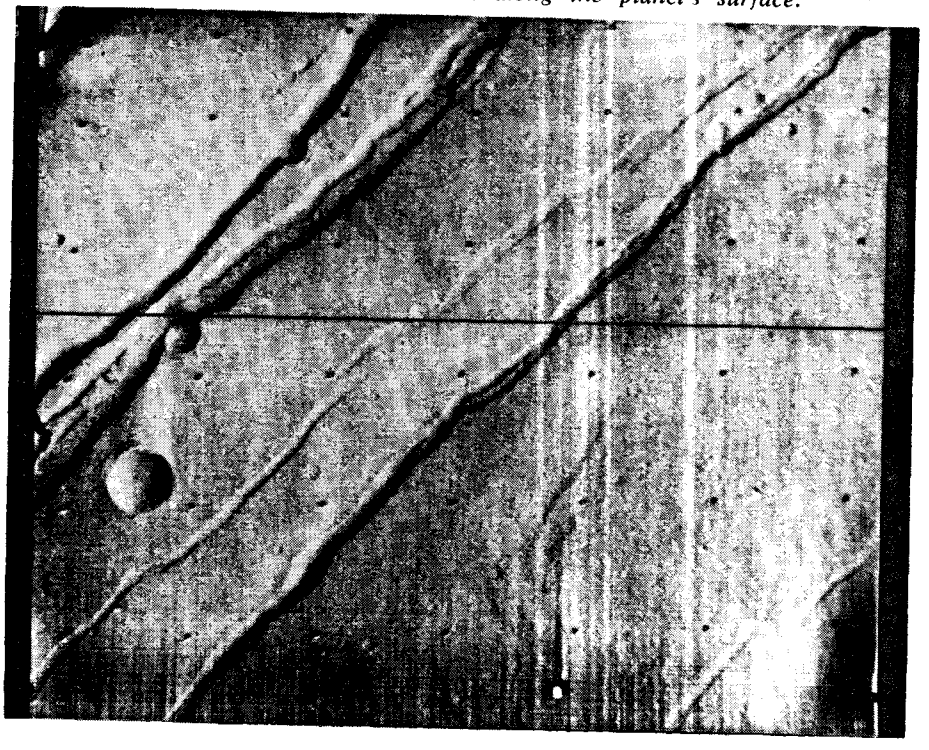


Signs of a watery past—Pictures taken by Mariner 9 indicate a channel thought to have been formed by running water.

Martian rilles—Parallel fissures, seen through a telephoto lens, extend more than 1,100 miles along the planet's surface.



might be intelligent life on Mars was the English science-fiction writer Herbert George Wells, who, in 1898, responded to the growing excitement over the canals of Mars by publishing *The War of the Worlds*. In this book, the Martians, despairing over maintaining their drying world, sought new homes on our water-rich planet, and invaded the earth.

The belief that there was a civilization on Mars remained popular with the general public well into the mid-20th century. As late as 1938, when Orson Welles presented a realistic version of *The War of the Worlds* on American radio, with Martian ships being described as landing in New Jersey, there was panic among some of the listeners. Astronomers, however, did not by any means all agree on the Martian canals. Many excellent observers did not succeed in seeing canals on Mars, and the feeling arose among some of them that the canals were an optical illusion.

As long as only telescopic views were possible, there was no way of deciding between those who supported canals and those who denied their existence, but as the 20th century progressed, and as more and more was learned about Mars, the less and less hospitable the planet seemed to be. Mars was colder and drier than had at first been thought; the atmosphere was thinner and contained no oxygen. Even the ice caps might be frozen carbon dioxide rather than ordinary ice. The case for intelligent life on Mars grew steadily weaker.

THEN, IN 1965, came another turning point. The Mars-probe Mariner 4 took photographs of the planet from a distance of 6,000 miles above its surface. The photographs showed many craters but no canals. The disappointing notion grew that Mars was a battered world like the moon, its thin wisp of atmosphere blowing forlornly over totally and eternally dead rock.

But Mariner 9, launched in 1971, added a still newer dimension to our knowledge of Mars. Mariner 9 was no flyby, taking photographs on the run. It settled into orbit about Mars and, for a year, took close-range photographs that presented scientists with a detailed map of the entire planet.

It turned out that the cratered moon-like regions on Mars were largely crowded into a single hemisphere. There were also volcanic regions, and one particular volcano, now called Mons Olympus, was higher and larger than any volcano on earth. There were canyons to be seen, and one of them, Coprates, stretched for thousands of miles and was much longer, wider, and deeper than the earth's Grand Canyon.

Both volcanoes and canyons indicate that, geologically at least, Mars is alive. There are forces under the crust that must be moving surface plates about to create canyons, and there is internal heat that suffices to create volcanoes. Volcanic activity may bring water from the deeper layers of the planet to the surface (it does so on earth), and where there is water there may be life.

In fact, there are signs of the action of flowing water on Mars. There may be no canals, but there are markings that look very much like empty riverbeds—lines that meander and have tributaries. They look so much like empty riverbeds that astronomers can't think of anything else they might be. What's more, they look fresh enough to make it seem that

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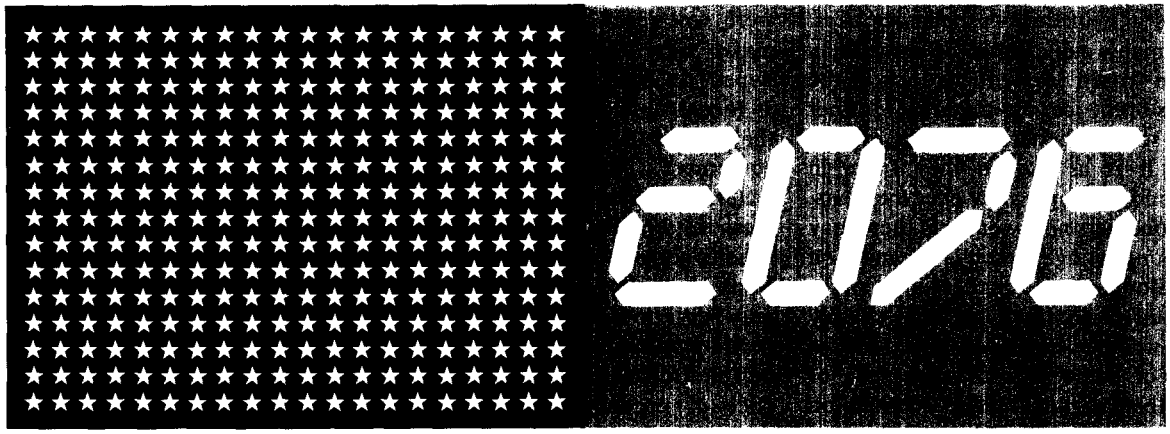

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it wasn't very long ago, geologically speaking, that they carried water.

The question is this, then: if water is present on Mars, and if there are signs of past water in quantity sufficient to have formed rivers, where is that water now? Perhaps it is in the two polar ice caps, where many cubic miles of water may exist, in frozen form. If we look at the pictures of the ice caps taken by Mariner 9, they seem to be terraced; they exist in layers. It is as though they froze in stages and, perhaps, grew over the years.

Astronomers now wonder if there may be a long-swinging cyclic change on Mars. Slow periodic changes in its orbit, back and forth, may produce slightly colder weather on the average, over a period of some tens of thousands of years, then slightly milder weather, on the average, over another period of tens of thousands of years, and so on. In the colder period, the water and the carbon dioxide might freeze out and collect at the poles. There would thus be a "glacial period" (such as is afflicting Mars now) with pronounced ice caps and a very thin atmosphere. In the milder periods, the ice caps might melt; the water would form lakes and rivers, while carbon dioxide would vaporize and build up a fairly thick atmosphere.

During the milder periods, Mars might be quite hospitable to life. To be sure, earth's little brother, even at its best, would not be comfortable for animal life as we know it, for there is no free oxygen in the Martian atmosphere. Though the ice caps might melt and the atmosphere grow denser, it would simply be denser carbon dioxide. However, life formed on earth (scientists think) at a time when there was no free oxygen in the atmosphere, and it survived through periods when the air must have been heavy with carbon dioxide. There are types of earthly bacteria even now that can survive without oxygen, and that even find oxygen poisonous.

It would not be at all surprising, then, if simple forms of life appeared on Mars during the mild periods, and survived as spores through the long winter, to thaw out and flourish again in the next mild period. Indeed, even now, in the midst of Mars's glacial period, the temperatures are mild during the day in the equatorial region. Perhaps while over most of Mars tiny specks of living matter are patiently hoarding the spark of life for the coming of warmth, there are regions where life continues actively, and sinks into somnolence only in the 12-hour period of the frigid Martian night.

Astronomers are not content to speculate. They are hoping to find out if Mars is alive biologically as well as geologically. Last August and September, two new probes, Viking 1 and Viking 2, were sent speeding to Mars. They will make soft landings (it is earnestly hoped) on the Martian surface as early as Bicentennial Day, July 4, 1976. Once they are on the surface, their automated equipment will analyze the soil, test for water, take photographs of the surface, measure temperatures, study the atmosphere, sense ground-quakes, and so on. Most of all, they will carry out tests that may serve to demonstrate the existence of life. For instance, both the atmosphere and the soil will be tested for the presence of organic molecules—molecules that include both carbon and hydrogen atoms, and possible oxygen and nitrogen atoms as well. The mere existence of such molecules would be strong, if not conclusive, evidence of the presence of life.

Better still, tests will be conducted to see if life *in action* can be detected. Samples of Martian soil will be bathed in carbon-dioxide molecules containing radioactive carbon atoms, or mixed with sugar containing radioactive carbon atoms. If, after a period of time, the organic molecules in the soil, on testing, proved to contain radioactive carbon atoms, it would mean that some active chemical procedure had absorbed the carbon dioxide or sugar and had incorporated its atoms into those molecules. It would be very difficult to see what but life processes could bring this about.

THE VIKING EXPERIMENTS cost roughly $1 billion, and, of course, they may fail. For instance, even in flight, one of the ovens on each of the Viking probes is now known to be failing to heat up—the result of some broken connection that escaped notice in the preliminary tests. That means that the soil-analyzing experiments can be carried through only twice, rather than three times. It is conceivable that the soft landing may fail and no results be obtained at all. That's a chance that can't help but haunt the scientists in charge of the venture.

But, then, suppose the experiments succeed, and results streak back to earth's waiting stations in great profusion. Is there anything the Vikings can tell us that's worth $1 billion? Do we really care if there are bacteria on Mars? That may satisfy scientific curiosity, but it is the public, not the scientists, who are paying

Martian dune field—At right, an 80-by-4
The long dunes are spaced about a m

the $1 billion. So what's in it for the public?

The answer is that we must not underestimate the worth of knowledge. What starts out as a scientist's curiosity may end as a great gift to all of us.

Consider. A great part of the efforts of modern science lie in the direction of understanding the mechanisms of life, the workings of the brain, the mechanisms of aging, the details of reproduction and heredity, the causes and cures of disease, the intricacies of nutrition and diet. We must surely all admit that these are vital matters to everyone and that the more that is learned about all of them the better off each one of us may be.

The difficulty of understanding life, however, is that even in its simplest form it is an enormously complicated system. Furthermore, all forms of life on earth are basically one; all are built up out of proteins and nucleic acids against a background of water. The differences between a giraffe, an oak tree, a man, an ant, and a bacterium are (at least on the molecular level) superficial.

Suppose, though, the Vikings send back the message that there *is* life on Mars. If so, it will be vital to examine it further, however simple a form of life

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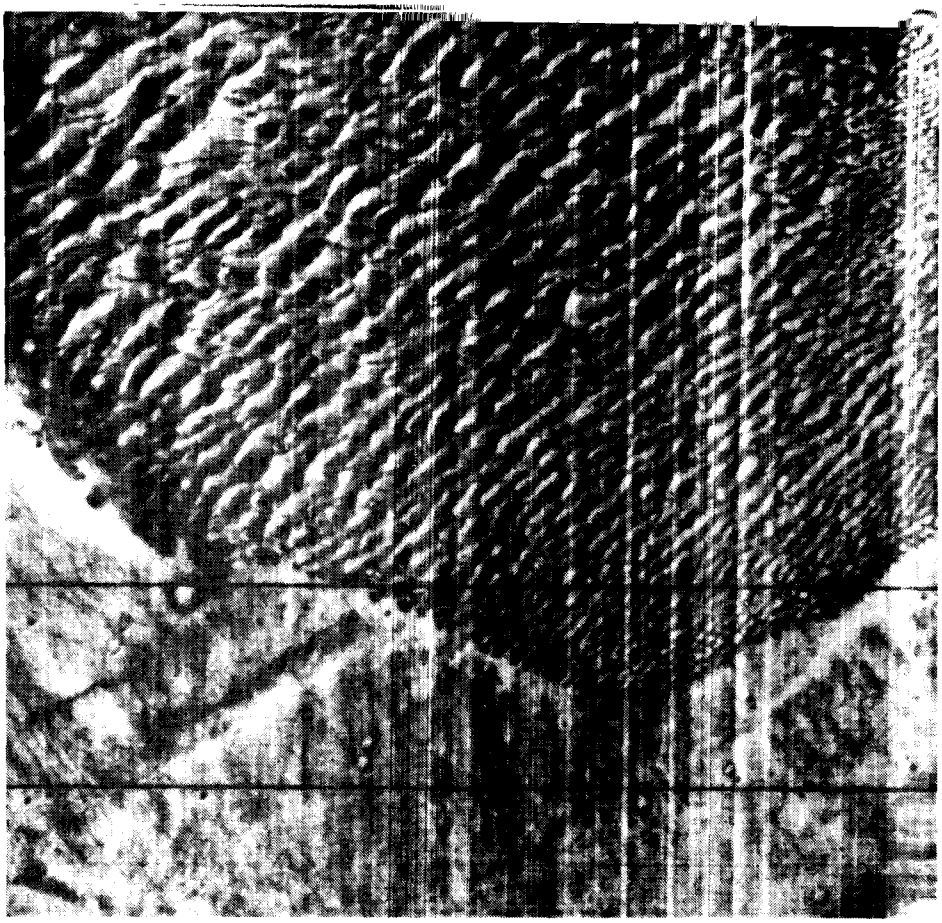

le field of loose material on the floor of a 93-mile-wide crater. art. The field appears as a black spot in the photograph at left.

it may be. It would be the first sample of life we have ever encountered that would have originated in total isolation from our own form. It may be that its differences from any form of earth life will illuminate aspects of life currently hidden behind the complexities and samenesses of the samples of life we know.

Even if, on further investigation, it should turn out that Martian life is not *fundamentally* different from earth life, it may yet be different in some interesting small details. There are, for instance, two kinds of amino acids (the building blocks of protein molecules), which are labelled *L* and *D*. They are mirror images of each other. Earthly life is built up entirely of L-amino acids; but what if Martian life is built up of D-amino acids? *That* might tell us something, too.

Or suppose Martian life turns out to be exactly like earth life and no more different from us than we are from an ant. It might mean that this one basic theme is the only possible foundation for life. It might mean that whenever a planet is even vaguely like earth, as Mars is, that same basic theme is sure to develop, with the implication that there are therefore trillions of planets bearing cousin-lives in the universe. It might mean that once, in the far or near past, earth life somehow infected Mars, or vice versa. All these possibilities have the potential of altering the manner in which mankind looks at the universe—with possible enormous effect, eventually, even on our everyday life.

BUT SUPPOSE the Vikings send back a negative message—no life! That might not be conclusive. They may simply have landed in a barren spot—and there are barren spots on earth, too. Suppose that additional and more sophisticated Vikings in a variety of different places on Mars all concur in the verdict of no life. That might be because we are, naturally, testing for life by assuming it invariably possesses properties that happen to be possessed by earthly life. Suppose, though, that Martian life is so different that our tests, based on our knowledge of earthly life, are irrelevant. That would mean that the lack of response would be more exciting than the alternative—at least, just possibly.

Of course, to be honest, a verdict of no life would, very likely, mean that there is actually no life on Mars. Would the Viking mission have been wasted? Not necessarily. Indications now are that under earthly conditions the most common elements in the universe are sure to turn first into simple molecules, and then, under the lash of a star's energy, into complex molecules of the kind of which life is built. Chemists can very easily duplicate at least part of the process in the laboratory. The process, at least the beginnings of it, even seems to take place in the vast, thin dust clouds of space.

Even if life did not develop on Mars because conditions are not favorable enough, it seems quite reasonable to suppose that the process went at least partway. It may be that even if Mars does not contain living organisms, it may contain organic molecules partway toward life. This, too, could be useful. It would illuminate what might have happened on earth billions of years ago. It could show us some of the skeletal facts of life obscured on earth by the vast ramifications of billions of years of life development.

But then, finally, what if, after all our efforts and all our money, it turns out there is no life on Mars, really no life, no organic molecules, no partway process—what if Mars is every bit as dead as the moon after all? Won't the whole thing have been a waste?

Even then, it may not have been a waste. There still remain the experiments being conducted on Mars that have no reference to life—experiments dealing with Martian temperature, soil chemistry, atmosphere, moisture, and so on.

Mars would then have an interesting difference from earth. The two worlds, not very different, would have developed along two branches, one without life and one with life. From the difference in the developments, we might learn, more precisely than we can possibly know now, what the effect of life (basic non-intelligent life) has been on the earth. This might give us a better understanding of planetary processes. It might mean a better understanding of atmospheric physics, for instance, and could, conceivably, contribute to our ability to understand and deal with the matter of air pollution.

In short, whatever the Vikings tell us—yes, no, or maybe—will be interesting. And whatever they tell us, we should someday, in our own interest, send a manned expedition to Mars. Human beings must look at the planet, since no machine (at least for the foreseeable future) is as versatile, or as able to deal with the unexpected, as is the human brain. □

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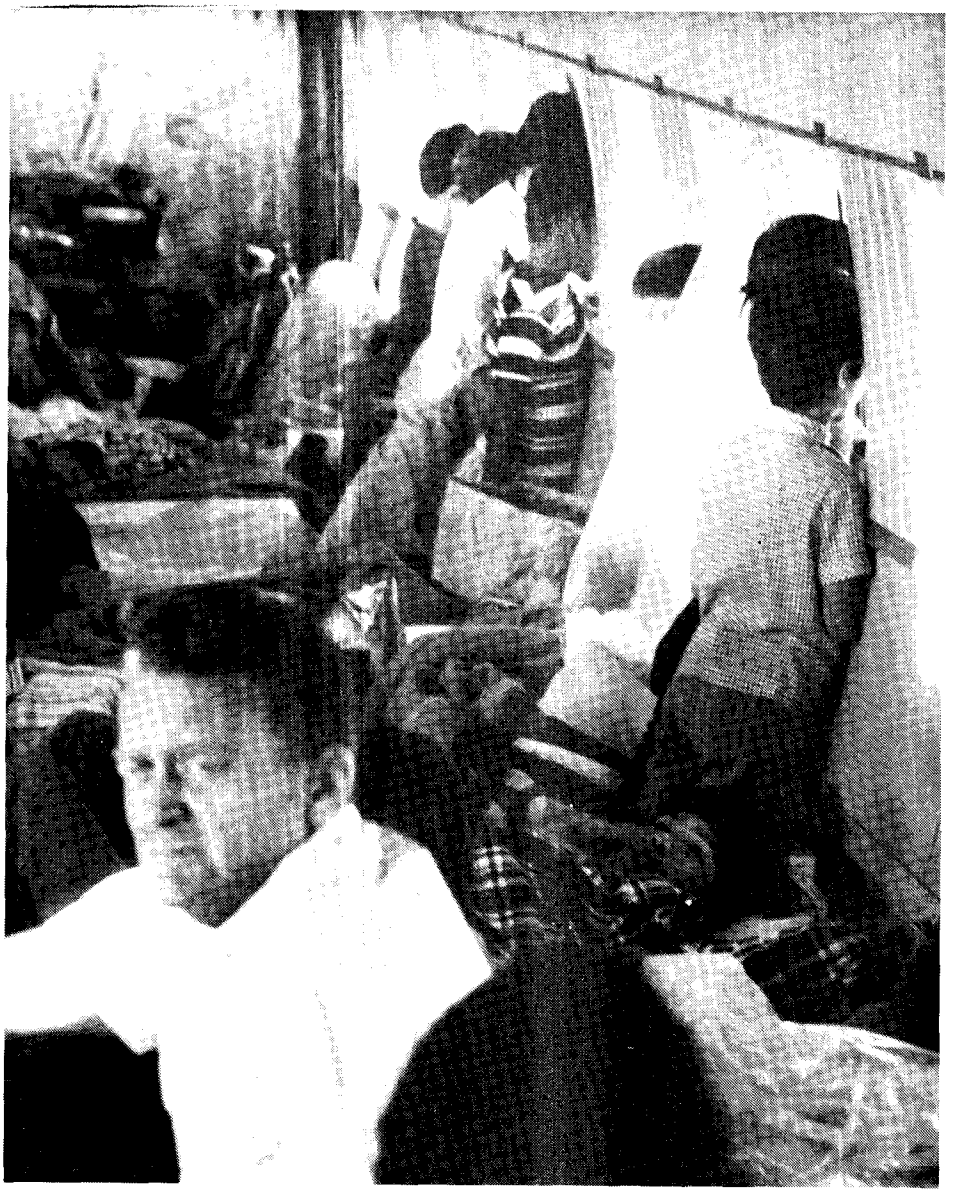
Orphans in Limbo

Many of the Vietnamese "orphans" gathered up in the last days of the war and shipped to the United States now want to go home—to their parents.



by Betty Jean Lifton

History moves quickly, today's hysterical headlines becoming tomorrow's stale news. It has been a year now since the controversial Operation Babylift brought more than 2,000 Vietnamese children to American adoptive homes—and the glow of either virtue or outrage to American hearts. For those who favored the program, something noble had finally come out of this ignoble war; for those opposed, removing children from their homeland and their heritage was the most ignoble act of all.

Since quite a few of the children have turned out not to be bona fide orphans—gathered up as they were in the last chaotic days of the war—the question of their eligibility for entry into this country, as well as for adoption, has yet to be legally answered. A court case has, in fact, been in process on this very issue for the past year.

The case originated when Muoi McConnell, a Vietnamese volunteer receiving the children on arrival in California, heard some of them pleading to be returned to their parents. Shocked by this, and frustrated over the government's reluctance to investigate the situation, she managed—with the help of some California lawyers and a group called the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York—to file a class action on behalf of the non-orphans. The defendants are an unlikely combination: Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, Attorney General Edward Levi, et al.—as well as the seven adoption agencies that processed the children.

In the federal courthouse in San Francisco, just down the corridor from where the Patty Hearst trial has come and gone with its own brand of hysteria, the case has been proceeding at a snail's pace in front of Judge Spencer Williams—in spite of the plaintiffs' plea that the best interests of the children would be served by fast and decisive action.

Judge Williams, a Nixon appointee, did order that the adoption files be turned over to the Immigration and Naturalization Service for inspection by the plaintiffs and court-appointed masters. He also ordered that the adoptive parents be notified to wait before finalizing adoptions, and that the older children be interviewed about their wishes. However, all of this has been imperfectly carried out. The plaintiffs contend that only a few children have been interviewed, that INS is instructing adoptive parents to try to get adoptions legalized in their state courts in spite of improper documentation, and that they have been given too brief a time in which to inspect the files.

On February 23 Judge Williams declared the case no longer a class ac-

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Betty Jean Lifton is the author of Twice Born: Memoirs of an Adopted Daughter *and co-author of* Children of Vietnam.

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En route to a new homeland—"The question of their eligibility for entry into this country has yet to be legally answered."
Photographs: Wide World

tion. In other words, the plaintiffs must now file suit for each individual child—a situation that is clearly in the best interests of the adoption agencies and of prospective adoptive parents who would like their children considered separately, if they are to be considered at all.

It would take a King Solomon to unravel the bureaucratic red tape that has accumulated. The seemingly simple operation of sending possibly a few hundred non-orphans back to their families has become entangled in the emotional snarl of adoption politics in this country. Judge Williams has already declared that he is not running an adoption court, and that he does not want to get involved with an international situation over which he does not have jurisdiction. No wonder he has allowed months to pass between hearings, and in mid-February took a vacation from the briefs, counter-briefs, appeals, affidavits, and telegrams from all sides.

The question—reminiscent of the classic one posed to King Solomon—is this: who is the real mother—the one who gave birth to the child, or the one who has taken care of the child for the past year as the psychological parent? Since these two mothers are, for the most part, at opposite ends of the world, it is left to the lawyers for the plaintiffs and defendants to do the tugging for their clients' rights.

CONSIDER the plaintiffs' position. It holds that the Babylift was as immoral as the war itself—violating, as it did, the Geneva Convention, which explicitly states that children separated from their families in times of conflict may be moved only to a neutral country, and preferably placed with guardians of their own nationality, language, and religion. According to Tom Miller, one of the lawyers, over half of the files already checked do not have adequate documentation to establish that these children have actually been orphaned, abandoned, or legally released for adoption. Furthermore, those children with known parents or relatives who managed to get here as refugees are being kept from reunion with them by the families in whose homes they were placed for adoption. Miller maintains that the government could have acted independently of this court case but is deliberately stalling as a way of avoiding political embarrassment.

Consider, on the other hand, the government's position. The government claims to have acted in good faith in bringing the children here, believing that the adoption agencies had their papers in order. It fears that if it tries to do any tracing of parents in Vietnam, the present government might produce "fake parents" in order to get the children back. And the lives of those real parents might be endangered if their identities are revealed. John F. Cooney, Jr., assistant U.S. attorney of California, admits that the government could have acted

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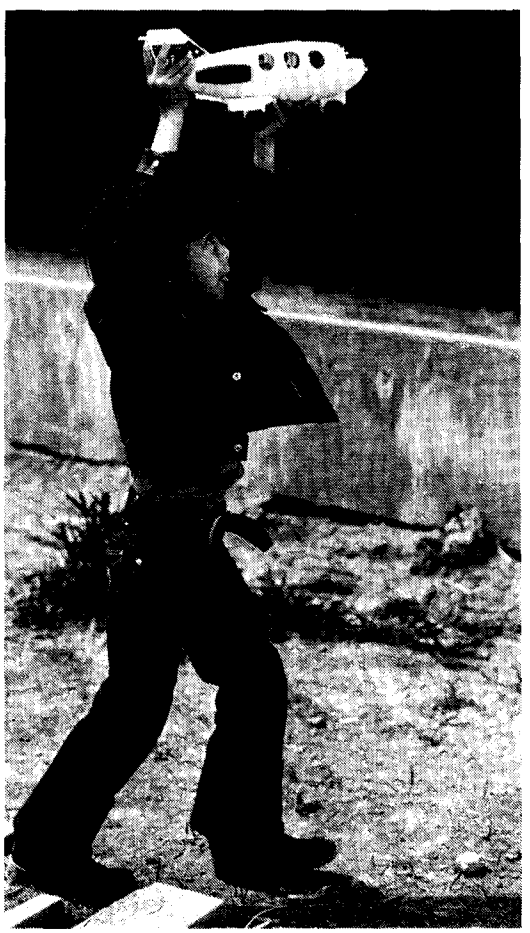
"Who is the real mother—the one who gave birth to the child, or the one who has taken care of the child for the past year as the psychological parent?"

without waiting for the court case, but insists that if it has proven that a mistake has been made, nothing will be done to stop the children from going back.

Consider, too, the adoption agencies' position. They have little in common but this case, and one of them has already admitted to having changed the names of some children to those of dead ones in order to get them out of Vietnam at the last minute. The agencies share the danger that they could be sued by adoptive parents if the children are taken away, and possibly lose their state licenses. John Adams, executive director of Holt International Children's Services, which has been bringing children out of Korea since the Fifties, is quick to differentiate his operation from the "inexperienced" agencies. "Our children were processed long before the emergency," he says, "but there were opportunists around during that last spasm of our involvement in Vietnam trying to get children quickly and easily. It will put a bad smell on inter-country adoption if this thing is not cleared up." Adams hopes that any child having improper credentials and with a parent found in Vietnam will be returned, but he also hopes it will not be one of his 406 children.



Recalling the big flight—Was it a noble act or the most ignoble of all?

Consider the prospective adoptive parents' point of view. Some of them sincerely believed that they were rescuing an orphan from either homelessness or communism. Others who had found it impossible to adopt a baby here were eager to get one from abroad. All of them have grown attached to these children in the past year, and many have declared they will not give them up without a court fight. There are exceptions: Nebraska Sen. John DeCamp voluntarily returned his two charges to their mother, who was located in a refugee camp, and Washington attorney Lisa Brodyaga is hoping to find her six-year-old child's mother back in Vietnam.

Then there is the position of the natural parents and relatives who managed to make it to this country. There are at least six cases pending in Judge Williams's court in which Vietnamese mothers claim to have acted under duress in the last days of the war, but now want their children returned. Only one has succeeded—San Shie, herself an adoptive mother, who managed to get her two-year-old adopted daughter back after going through a California state court at the expense of $5,000, to say nothing of the emotional cost.

It is difficult to consider the position of the parents and relatives in Vietnam, since there has been virtually no contact with them. It is known that there are daily advertisements for lost children in the Saigon papers, but how can those bereaved parents know if their children are among those here?

THIS BRINGS UP the thorny issue of tracing, over which there has been so much bickering. Last June the International Committee of the Red Cross offered the government the services of its Central Tracing Agency to help with family reunification. No official sanction has been given to the ICRC office in Saigon as yet, but the plaintiffs wanted it to trace the parents actively and to notify them of their children's whereabouts.

However, the defendants have not wanted the names of the children in the files revealed publicly, contending that anyone with a missing child must come forward with documentation to the ICRC office. In March, Judge Williams ruled in the defendants' favor against notifying the parents, stating that it might stimulate their "guilt" over giving up their children and prompt an "illusory desire" for their return.

Frank Sieverts of the State Department concedes that it has not been worked out just how the ICRC can reach the parents' attention, especially those in remote areas. In fact, no one seems to have a clear idea how the South Vietnamese government feels about all this, although the Provisional Revolutionary Government did claim at the time that the children were being kidnapped. But even if some Vietnamese parents should come forward, they would be informed that they must press their claims in a custody suit in American state courts.

"We will demand due process for those children in this country," says Kate Freelar l, a lawyer for Holt and for Friends for All Children. "It has not yet been proven who has jurisdiction over these children—an international court, a federal court, or a state court. The fact is that the children are here and the courts have the duty to protect them."

Protect them from whom—their own parents?

PERHAPS the real question is, How can parents in Vietnam possibly have the means to appeal in our state courts? Also, are we not confusing the rights of Vietnamese mothers who have become separated from their children with the legal controversy over the rights of unwed mothers here who give up their children and change their minds before the adoption is finalized? Can the best interests of the Babylift children be served by denying them the right to return to living parents—especially to those mothers who are in this country pleading for them?

Until these questions are answered by a court of law or by an international commission acting officially on behalf of the two countries involved, the children remain the hapless victims of the conflict, as surely as they were of the war itself. □

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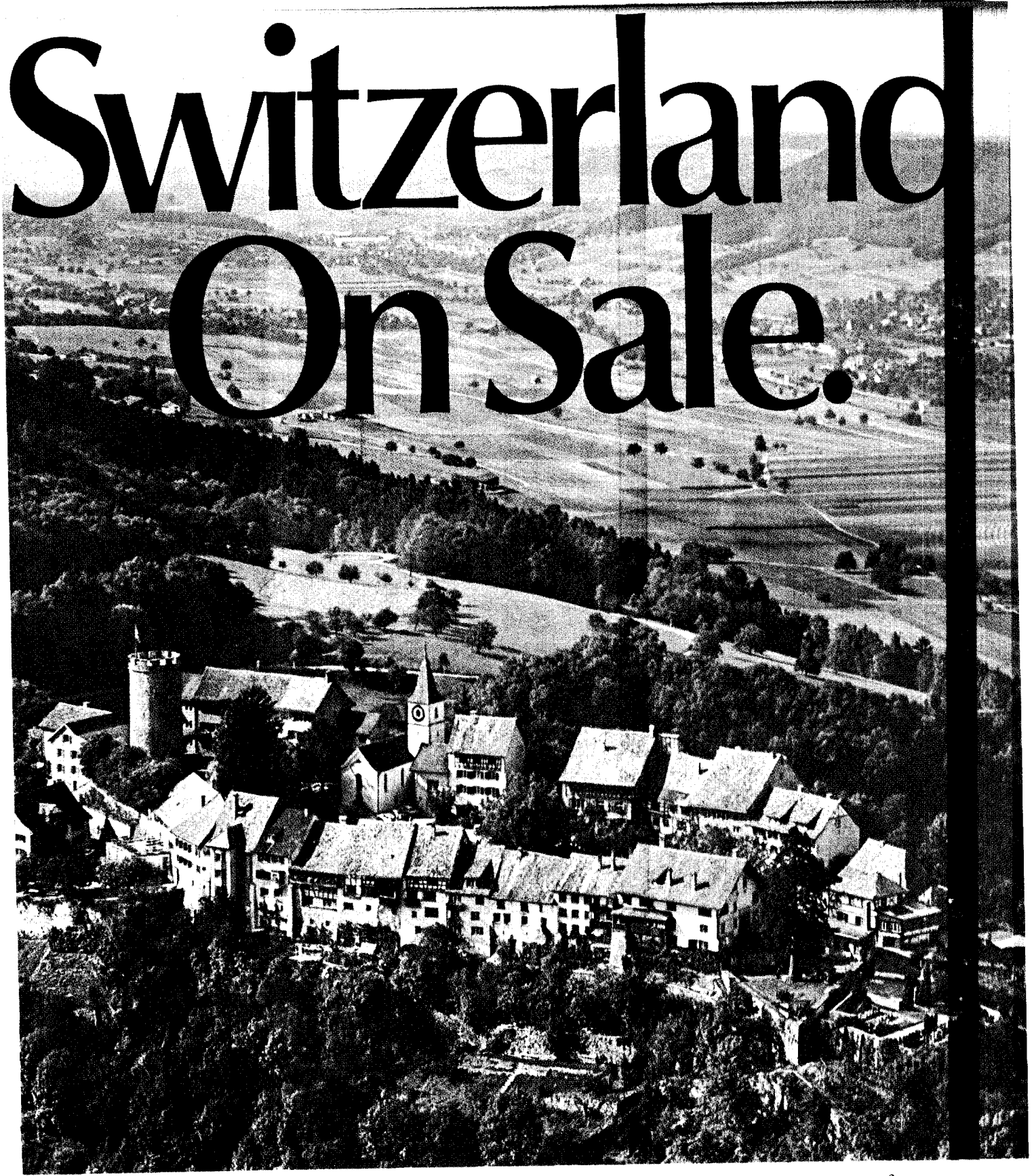

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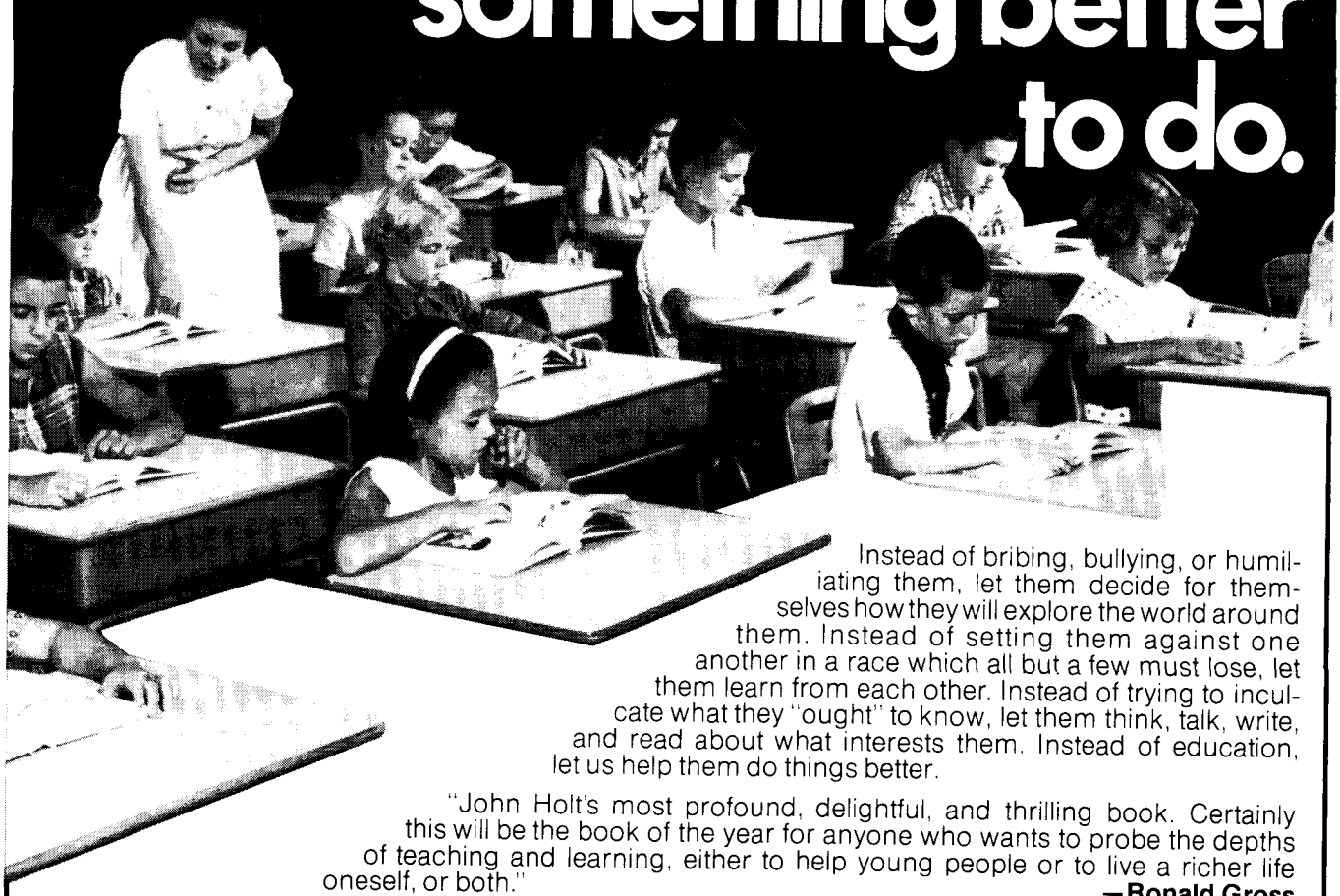

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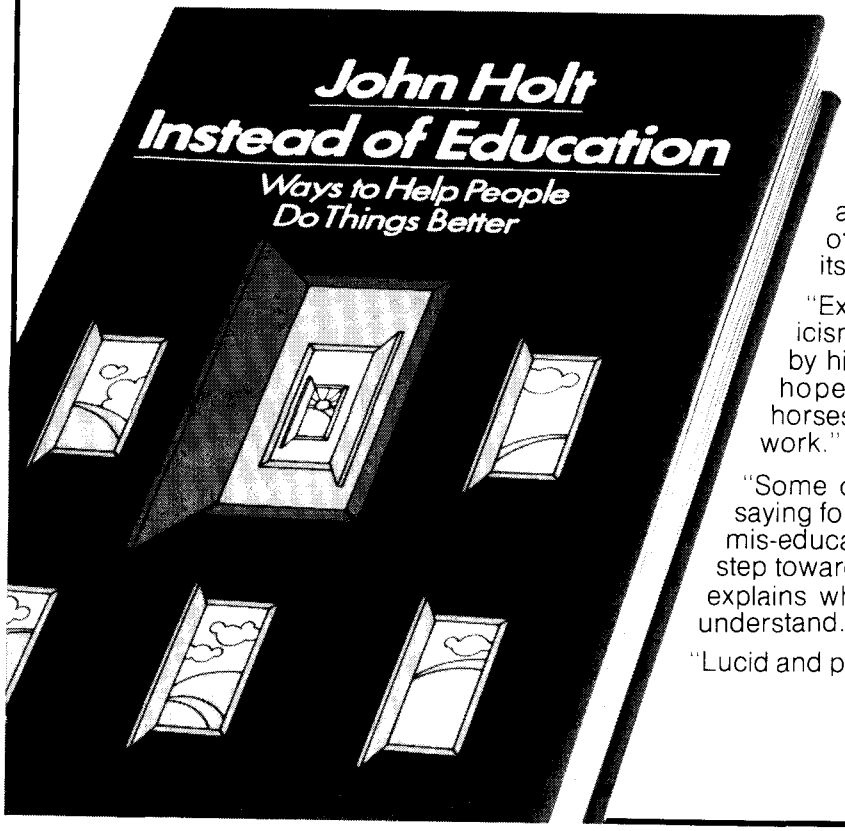

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Out From Victoria's Shadow

The Royal Victorians: King Edward VII, His Family and Friends
by Christopher Hibbert
Lippincott, 368 pp., $12.95

Uncle of Europe: The Social and Diplomatic Life of Edward VII
by Gordon Brook-Shepherd
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 384 pp., $12.95

Edward the Rake: An Unwholesome Biography of Edward VII
by John Pearson
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 181 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Paul Fussell

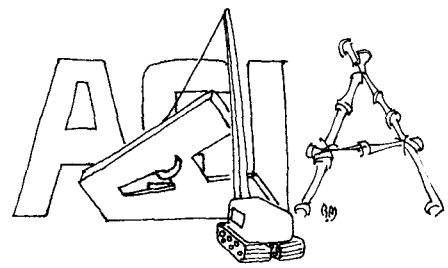
Why are we now so fond of contemplating everything Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian? Why the current enthusiasm not merely for Wilde and Strachey and Woolf but for all such phenomena as TV's "Upstairs, Downstairs"? Is it because as the dull, corporate late 20th century grows more drab and uniform and dreary, more joylessly food-franchised and supermarketed and box-architectured, we hanker after at least a glimpse of class and elegance and real food and real leisure and real eccentricity and real freedom? What is supplied by at least two of these three books on King Edward VII ("Kingy," as one of his ladyfriend's adoring children liked to call him) is vicarious swank, and it is clearly going to minister to our great need.

What slave of the supermarket shelves, bored by synthetics and anxious about cholesterol, will not relish being told by Christopher Hibbert that at house parties at Sandringham the King weighed each guest at departure, recording the augmentations in a record book? Or that when Edward visited Egypt as Prince of Wales, the Khedive supplied "six blue and gold steamers" for the trip up the Nile, each towing "a barge packed with provisions including 3,000 bottles of champagne, 4,000 bottles of claret, and 20,000 of soda water"? Or that when the King attended the opera at Covent Garden he was preceded by "a chef and six footmen and by numerous hampers filled with cloths, silver, gold plate, and food for the ten- or twelve-course meal" to be consumed during the intermission? And that was after a monumental dinner. Once the King got home, there was the cold chicken always ready on the bedside table "in case he woke up hungry in the night." At middle age, Edward, although only five feet seven, weighed over 225 pounds and had a 48-inch waist. A friend who called him "Tum-Tum" was once asked to leave the house.

"What a pretty boy!" people said when he was born, in 1841. It was his mother's desire that he be brought up to resemble "his dearest papa," Prince Albert, "in *every, every* respect." But by the age of two he was already a very different sort. He hated his tutors and studies, developed a stammer, flew into stamping and screaming fits. Victoria was appalled, anxious that in a moment of republicanism or even revolution the heir not betray signs of George IV's madness. If the monarchy was to be saved, the future monarch must be a man "of calm, profound, comprehensive understanding, with a deep conviction of the necessity of practical morality." But Edward remained ungovernable, and pressure and punishment only made him worse. "A very bad day," one of his tutors wrote in his diary. "The P. of W. has been like a person half silly. . . . He was very rude, . . . throwing stones in my face. . . . Later in the day he became violently angry because I wanted some Latin done." Edward never became really literate, later writing one of his children from India about the leeches there that "climb up your legs and bight you." But in his good moments he was affectionate and gregarious, and in his early travels—attended by chaperons, tutors, physicians, divines, and officers—he did not disgrace himself.

He was sent for a year to Oxford, and then to Cambridge, but what he really wanted was to serve in the army. Albert let him summer with the army encamped near Dublin, but disaster ensued: he scandalized his parents by going to bed with the actress Nellie Clifden. When Albert died of typhoid, in 1861, Victoria let it be widely known that worry over Edward's misbehavior had hastened his end.

It was thought that only an early marriage would save him, and there was general relief when at 22 he married Princess Alexandra of Denmark. During the ceremony the four-year-old future Kaiser first threw Victoria's muff out a coach window and then addressed her as "Duck." The newlywed Edward,



fearing boredom acutely, lost no time in filling his house with wits and sportsmen and actresses while his mother grew more and more horrified. The sweet, thin, deaf, lame Alexandra stayed at home while her husband dashed to races, nightclubs, bawdy houses, music halls, and constant parties. When these failed to amuse him, there was yachting, shooting, masquerades, gambling, billiards, and more courtesans. Victoria was convinced that his pursuit of pleasure must bring on in England something very like the French Revolution, guillotine and all. Warning him against raffish companions, she said in measured words that he would regret them "if ever you become King."

His popularity reached a low in 1870, when he was implicated in an adultery scandal, and after clearly lying on the witness stand he was jeered in the street and booed at the theater. But typhoid, that great Victorian *deus ex machina*, melodramatically intervened. He was stricken soon after his disgrace, and his miraculous recovery generated sympathy and helped restore his popularity. But he still had nothing official to do to sta-

Paul Fussell is professor of English at Rutgers and author of The Great War and Modern Memory.

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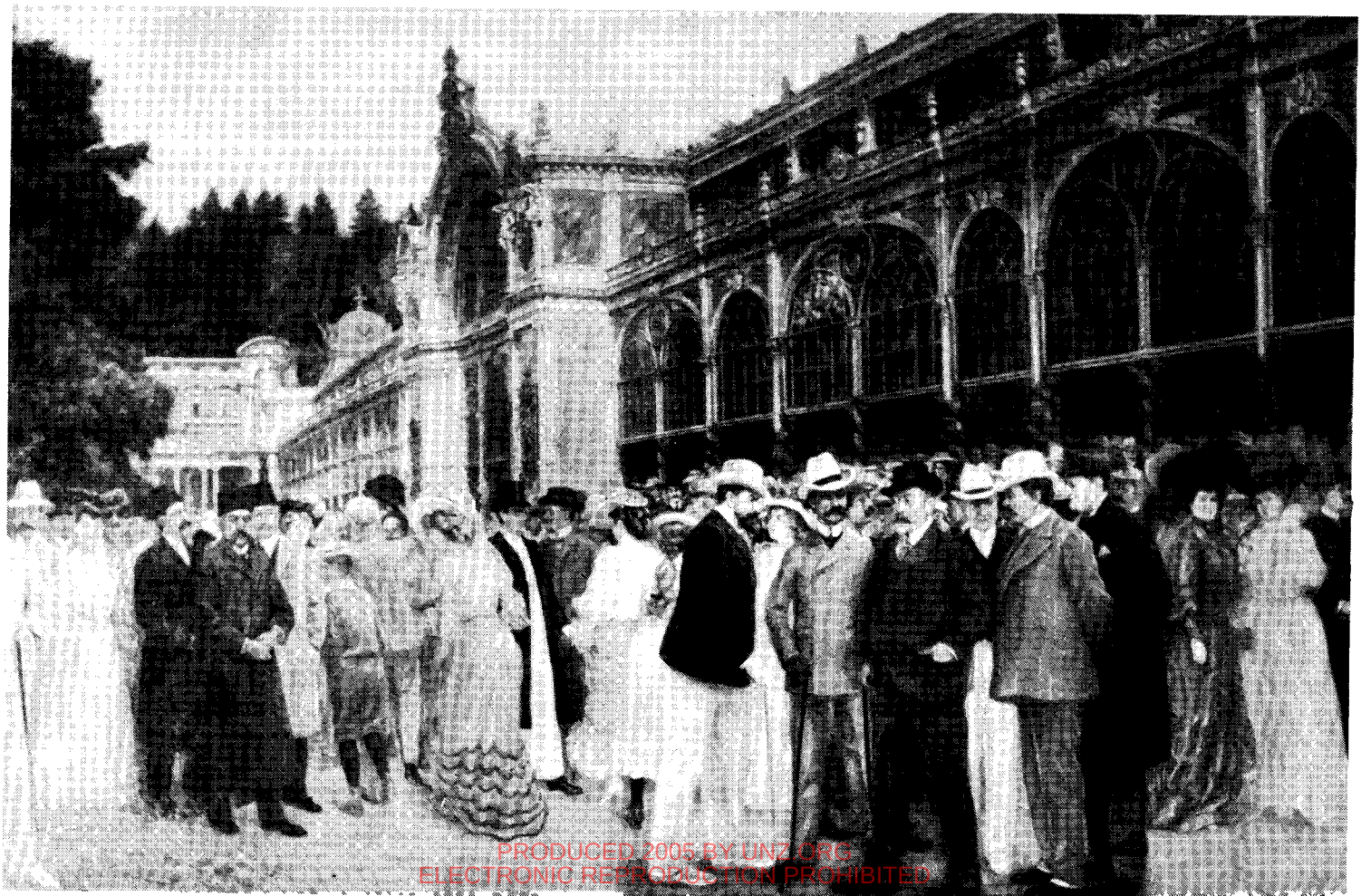
In Good King Edward's Golden Days

Three vignettes from the life of Edward VII: as Prince of Wales, aged 30 (above); with Queen Alexandra on the royal yacht at Cowes, 1903 (right); and (below) at Marienbad, the fashionable spa, surrounded by nobility.



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bilize him. Victoria carefully kept everything public from him, and he did seem too indiscreet for serious responsibility.

But in 1901, when he was 59, his mother died. The "arch vulgarian," as Henry James rather prissily called him, ascended the throne, where he would remain for nine years, becoming more impressive all the time and finally endearing himself as a peacemaking diplomat and making his mark as a uniquely "European" British monarch. With his mother gone, he hurled himself into his new job, rapidly installing modern bathrooms and lavatories in the palaces, cleaning out Victoria's bric-a-brac, signing with his own hand the thousands of military commissions, interesting himself in everything. He insisted that he be consulted and his advice be sought, that he not be considered a mere puppet or "signing machine." He pressed for army and navy reform and for improvements in public health, and especially devoted himself to foreign affairs. His state visits to France and Russia, and his admirable tact in both places, have been thought instrumental in cementing the Entente Cordiale. There had been ill feeling between King and Kaiser for years, and the Germans, impressed by Edward's success in promoting alliances with France on one side and with Russia on the other, now began to talk of "encirclement" and to foresee the nightmare of a two-front war. But by 1910 the King was almost 70, and no one could go on much longer smoking 12 cigars daily and devouring those meals. When he died, people were astonished at how much he was loved and admired.

AS HE REVEALED in his excellent biography of Samuel Johnson five years ago, Christopher Hibbert has a talent for understanding stout, funny, complicated men, and his biography of Edward VII et al., *The Royal Victorians,* does ample justice to the King's mixture of childishness and sophistication, selfishness and generosity, social sensitivity and fits of fury. No great reader, the King was an extraordinary public speaker, and he spoke without notes. He loved fast cars and fast people, chaffing, laughs, and practical jokes. He was remarkably kind and open, with a unique fondness for Jews and Americans. He once reminded the foreign secretary that "because a man has a black face and a different religion from your own, there is no reason why he should be treated as a brute." He was loyal to his friends, no matter what scrapes they got into. His own sexuality was so powerful and "normal" that when any acquaintance was caught in a homosexual scandal he regarded him simply as a lunatic and expressed profound pity for his "malady." He hated study and solitary thought, but few observed people more acutely. His contributions to modern Europe lie not merely in the ideal of peacekeeping by personally initiated alliances. He also popularized the homburg, the dinner jacket, and the custom of not buttoning the bottom vest button. Hibbert depicts all this with gentle irony and impressive understanding. His book is unremittingly interesting.

Gordon Brook-Shepherd's *Uncle of Europe* is as responsible as Hibbert's book and as well researched: much valuable new material is drawn from the family papers of the Portuguese Marquis Luis de Soveral. *Uncle of Europe* is a dramatic account of Edward's statesmanly and diplomatic achievements, depicting this social King—who either knew or was related to all the crowned heads of Europe (and every country was then a monarchy except France and Switzerland)—as "a ruler who used dynastic diplomacy to place him in the front rank of the European statesmen of his day." The King's obsessions with protocol and correct dress made him virtually a charter member of the international *corps diplomatique*, and his fondness for travel and for Europe acquainted him with everyone rich or important. At spas and hotels, on shipboard and in automobiles and trains, he talked and listened and advised. What emerged between courses and cigars was the "Edwardian" stability based on alliances that provided the crucial groupings when Europe went to war four years after he died.

In *Edward the Rake* John Pearson has focused on Edward's relations with his mistresses and has produced a resolutely vulgar, worthless book. Edward was so much more than a womanizer that to try to sell that dimension without regard to his other talents is to caricature him and to insult the reader. The book is a string of arch and knowing clichés, and it is a thoroughly nasty piece of work—not just "Unwholesome," as its author imagines. It is also a deceit, for despite its lip-smacking desire to be prurient, it is not a sexy book at all. Kingy deserves better. □

◀ Photographs: top—from *The Royal Victorians*; bottom—from *Edward the Rake*.

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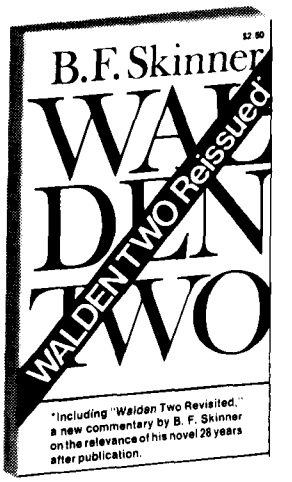
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Patient, Heal Thyself

Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation of Health
by Ivan Illich
Pantheon, 294 pp., $8.95

The End of Medicine
by Rick J. Carlson
Wiley-Interscience, 290 pp., $12.95

The Great American Medicine Show
by Spencer Klaw
Viking, 316 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Jerry E. Bishop

The deceased had been a 37-year-old male who had had the misfortune of seeing a doctor five years previously about nothing more serious than a common cold. The doctor had prescribed penicillin, to which the young man quickly developed an allergic reaction. To control the penicillin reaction, the patient began receiving a series of cortisone treatments. Unfortunately, the cortisone caused him to develop a stomach ulcer. Within the next several months the ulcer began bleeding profusely, requiring a number of blood transfusions. Eventually, surgeons had to remove half the man's stomach to get rid of the ulcer. But the young man's bad luck didn't stop there. Because of the blood transfusions, he developed serum hepatitis, which later progressed to cirrhosis of the liver. Meanwhile, because of problems linked to the stomach surgery, he was put on a high-protein diet. The high-protein diet proved too much of a strain for the damaged liver, and the patient lapsed into a hepatic coma and died.

This tale was told several years ago by Brooklyn pathologist David M. Spain in the preface to his book *The Complications of Modern Medical Practice*. Dr. Spain happened to have made it up on the spur of the moment as a facetious answer to a colleague who had inquired about the nature of an autopsy Dr. Spain had just performed. "My friend accepted this story as a real and accurate description of the case and suggested that it should be reported in the medical literature," Dr. Spain wrote.

The friend's gullibility is curious but hardly surprising. The medical literature is filled these days with reports of adverse reactions to and side effects of the increasingly powerful therapies being used in medicine, and any doctor who keeps up with his medical journals could easily believe Dr. Spain's apocryphal story.

The tale describes an acute case of "iatrogenic" disease—a type of disease that takes its name from the Greek words meaning originating with or caused by the physician. There's no question, even within the medical profession, that iatrogenic disease is of serious concern. Even in 1963, when Dr. Spain's book appeared, the pathologist was able to declare: "Iatrogenic disease can now take its place almost as an equal alongside the bacteria as an important factor in the pathogenesis of human illness."

"Can't you write anything except nocturnes?"

NOW, HOWEVER, Ivan Illich, an educator-writer and onetime priest, believes the menace of iatrogenic disease has outstripped that of the bacteria. For the past three years, the problems of health care have aroused Illich's reformist passion, and in *Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation of Health* he charges that physicians are now causing far more damage than good, not only to patients but to the society and even to the culture.

In fact, he believes it's time to disband the entire Western medical establishment and to restore people's "right" to take care of themselves and each other. It's a radical thesis but a fascinating one. And because few people are likely to agree with his conclusions—I, for one, can go along with very little of what he expounds—perhaps I should summarize his thesis before leveling any criticism.

According to Illich, physical injury to a patient caused by a specific medical treatment, which he labels "clinical iatrogenesis," is only the first of three levels on which iatrogenic disease is affecting industrialized populations. The extent of its harm, he claims, has been documented by the finding that one of every five patients entering a research hospital develops iatrogenic disease.

Jerry E. Bishop has covered science and medicine for the Wall Street Journal *for 18 years.*

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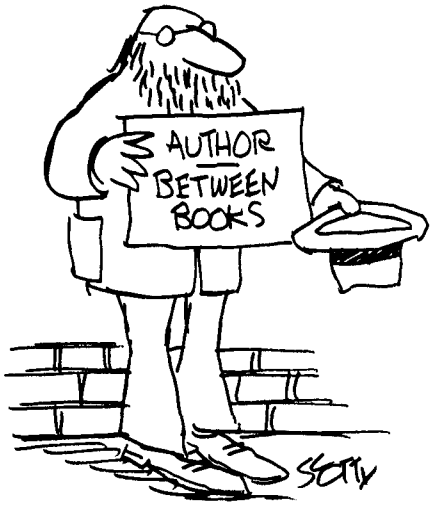
But the second level of iatrogenic disease is far more subtle and threatening. This he calls "social iatrogenesis," which he describes as the increasing authority the medical profession has in industrial societies to determine who is unhealthy or abnormal and in need of therapy:

> Medical bureaucrats subdivide people into those who may drive a car, those who may stay away from work, those who must be locked up, those who may become soldiers, those who may cross borders, cook or practice prostitution, and those who may not run for the vice-presidency of the United States, those who are dead, those who are competent to commit a crime and those who are liable to commit one.

With their ability to "invent" and diagnose new kinds of ill health, modern doctors are turning ever-increasing numbers of people into patients. Even the non-sick are becoming patients as they



strive to prevent illness through periodic check-ups. Health, Illich says, is no longer an attribute one is born with but a goal to be worked toward throughout life.

Once a person becomes a patient, however, he loses his autonomy, his life becomes dependent upon medical findings. Moreover, medicine's prevailing attitude —that the body is a machine which can be repaired and maintained only by experts —takes away an individual's sense of responsibility for his condition. When an ill person believes he is the victim of a biological mechanism rather than a disagreeable environment, he gives up any urge to rebel against the industrialization going on around him, which is what is making him sick in the first place. Under the circumstances, argues Illich, the struggle to control the environment that once constituted our social life becomes "a giving and receiving of therapies. . . ."

Dependence upon medicine is one thing, but even more devastating is the effect on society once "medical enterprise saps the will of the people to suffer reality." "Cultural iatrogenesis," the third and most corrosive level of iatrogenesis, sets in when society sees pain and suffering no longer as integral parts of living but as disagreeable experiences that modern medicine can, and should, relieve immediately. But by relieving such pain, modern medicine will also be denying people the strong emotions—courage, strength, will—that those in older cultures had to call forth to help them through their torment.

One of the distressing consequences of this "medicalization" of life, as described by Illich, is that "increasingly stronger stimuli are needed to provide people . . . with any sense of being alive. Drugs, violence, and horror turn into increasingly powerful stimuli that can still elicit an experience of self."

OF COURSE much of what Illich says can be dismissed as unrealistic, if not nonsensical. The idea that most of our social problems result from the machinations of doctors and modern medicine—or that we would all be "healthier" without either—is, well, ridiculous. Although Illich is vague about how he would go about changing the "medicalized society," as he calls it, he is adamant about wanting to reduce the status and power of the medical profession. People should reclaim the right to take care of themselves and refuse to become dependent on physicians. By this he apparently means that people should be able to enter and leave hospitals and mental institutions as they please, or see a witch doctor if they desire—and have the witch doctor's diagnoses and therapies accepted by society. To claim that the few valuable things doctors do, such as performing operations and administering powerful drugs, aren't so difficult that they couldn't be taught to non-doctors is outright fantasy.

Furthermore, *Medical Nemesis* displays all the symptoms of fanatical writing: superlatives abound throughout Illich's melodramatic prose. Presumably, he believes citing a reference for every thought somehow makes his exhortations more authoritative and scholarly; the first 18 pages alone contain 73 footnotes, including 9 footnotes in a single 50-word sentence.

Still, Illich has managed to put the impact of medicine on society in a new

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THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE. By Norman Cousins, 84 pages, $4.95. Harper & Row. The implications of humanity's new adventures beyond the earth on contemporary philosophy.

perspective, one that suggests the medical profession is playing a far more intimate role in our lives than we might imagine. Every few paragraphs, one of Illich's propositions makes the reader stop and think a moment. For instance, it does seem true that nowadays people are categorized medically—by life-insurance companies, for instance—in a way that affects their lives. And there's the worrisome trend of classifying young children as being brain-damaged or mentally retarded because they don't learn or act like "healthy" children. The more one considers that proposition, the more examples come to mind.

ILLICH ALREADY HAS one ardent disciple. In *The End of Medicine* (with an introduction by Illich), Rick J. Carlson comes to much the same conclusion as Illich: that modern medicine is doing more harm than good to people, and that therefore we should dismantle the medical establishment. Carlson, a lawyer by training who's written previously about medical-care problems, argues that doctors have contributed very little to the vast improvements in health and longevity experienced in the past century. Epidemic diseases have subsided and life expectancy has been extended largely because of advances in sanitation and nutrition rather than in medical discovery. In the future, most human illness will be the result of the continuing industrialization of the environment, Carlson believes, and medicine will be even less effective in maintaining and improving health.

What little help "scientific medicine" gives Western societies is provided in other societies just as effectively by shamans, acupuncturists, psychic surgeons, and other practitioners of "unscientific" medicine, Carlson claims. Thus, he wants to totally reorganize health care, setting up community-owned hospitals attended by practitioners of any and all types of medicine. Anyone considering himself ill can choose from a variety of therapies or have access to medicines for self-treatment. Medical research would be reoriented toward changing the environment rather than treating disease.

Carlson's and Illich's theses are intriguing to read and contain ideas that can lead to some delightful cocktail-party conversations. But they hardly offer realistic or practical alternatives to modern medicine. Few of us would be willing to forgo seeing a doctor when a suffocating pain suddenly strikes the chest or a lump starts growing in the breast or a child develops an intense pain in the lower right abdomen.

SPENCER KLAW in *The Great American Medicine Show* takes a view that is far more realistic than—and completely opposite to—that of Carlson and Illich: it's not medicine that's perverting society, but society that's distorting the use of medicine. Klaw believes that "the faults of American medicine are deeply rooted in the class structure of American society, and in an economic system that is powerfully resistant to change."

American medical care costs far more than it should, and is provided with a callousness that discriminates against the poor and the elderly, Klaw argues. The care that is provided isn't the best available, partly because many physicians have fallen years behind in medical progress. The system of solo-practicing physicians is inefficient and obsolete, while the private health-insurance system encourages unnecessary extravagance.

Most of the criticisms that Klaw levels at the American system of medical care have been voiced previously by one person or another, from physicians to the most ardent of muckrakers. Because earlier attacks, however, have been piecemeal and sporadic, they have undoubtedly left many people confused about just what is wrong with today's medical care. Klaw should help clear up that confusion, for he has managed to explain lucidly the complex issues.

Klaw is a strong advocate of a national-health-insurance program. If one wants to understand the fermenting debate on that subject, *The Great American Medicine Show* is a good place to start. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 70

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 63.

Excitement — — — — — — —
— through the skier's veins
When, glad for one more — — —
— — — — next his skin,
He sees with lifted heart the downhill lanes
Where ski trails — — — — — —
— — and the slopes begin.

Contributed by R. E. Diamond, University of Nevada, Reno, Nev.

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The Flawed Prince

The Last Kennedy
by Robert Sherrill
Dial, 239 pp., $8.95

Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy
by James MacGregor Burns
Norton, 383 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Richard J. Whalen

I doubt that we are to have another President Kennedy, and so, apparently, does the reluctant legatee of Camelot. Perhaps Sen. Edward Kennedy should be taken at his word and relieved of the oppressive, potentially self-destructive, and utterly needless sense of obligation that haunts him. He will be happier outside the White House, and, as these books attest, the rest of us will be safer.

The authors, seasoned Kennedy-watchers and deeply committed liberals, have quite different intentions toward Teddy, and they write about him from quite different perspectives, yet their dissimilar treatments yield a common insight: if the American electorate were to choose Kennedy, it would be taking a deliberate and very risky, perhaps unprecedented, gamble on its President's character and psychological stability. So recently after the Nixon betrayal and debacle, that seems an unlikely piece of folly.

It is Robert Sherrill's intention, in *The Last Kennedy*, to tell us the worst about Teddy—and therefore about ourselves. "For some reason Americans always expected the Kennedys to be exceptional," he writes. "When they turned out to be very ordinary politicians whose highest motivation was to get elected and very ordinary mortals who liked to drink and screw and lie and hide their deformities, we still insisted otherwise as long as there was any evidence to prop up our delusions." Sherrill helpfully identifies the purveyors of these delusions: "Rather than insist that Kennedy be judged apart from the requiem glamour of his brothers, the press had consistently shielded him from the kind of reporting that an ordinary senator, and certainly an ordinary citizen, would have been subjected to; they were always writing about his career as being 'haunted by tragedy' and about his 'ill-starred family.' "

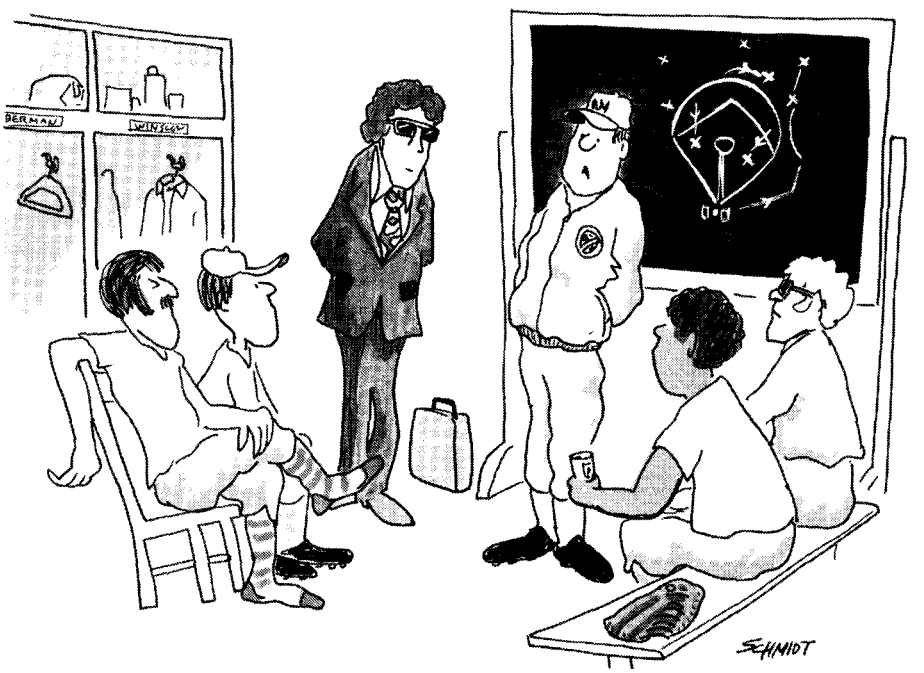
Sherrill is a journalist of another stripe. An expansion of his celebrated *New York Times Magazine* article, "Chappaquiddick + 5," this book is a work of relentless, well-documented, and mostly convincing detraction. To call it a hatchet job is an understatement—it is the Texas chain-saw massacre of the genre. Based on impressive investigative reporting and cold-eyed analysis, the book bluntly poses all the questions for which Kennedy has no public answers. And it conveys the message loud and clear that the lack of answers is the result of a Mafia-like conspiracy of silence.

Indeed, Sherrill draws an explicit and instructive analogy between the failed Watergate cover-up conspiracy and the still-successful Chappaquiddick cover-up conspiracy. He depicts Kennedy as more ruthless, crafty, and resolute than Nixon. If Nixon had destroyed the incriminating tapes—as Kennedy and his companions carted away the liquor bottles from the site of the Chappaquiddick party—and if Nixon & Co. had actually "stonewalled" —as the Kennedyites have done for more than five years—instead of merely talking about it, Sherrill concludes that "Nixon would still be in office as Kennedy is."

The suspicion of payoffs, perjury, and wholesale obstruction of justice hangs heavy over the account of the fawning complicity of the Massachusetts courts in establishing Kennedy's innocence. The newspaper reporting of the case, judged by the standards of Watergate, has been generally abysmal. It was news to me, for instance, that the presiding judge specifically forbade the Dukes County grand jury from reading the transcript of the earlier, bungled inquest at Edgartown—a prohibition that made it impossible to indict Kennedy. "Most of us felt Kennedy was morally responsible for the death of that girl," said one woman juror afterward. But nothing further could be done about it in the Kennedy fiefdom of Massachusetts.

This book makes chillingly explicit the corruption of wealth and power and—odious word—*charisma* that claims the mindless emotional allegiance of the mob. It is, as Sherrill writes, "a case study of how a famous politician—by delays, by obfuscation, by propaganda, by all sorts of tricks and wiles—can kill somebody under mysterious circumstances and still regularly receive more than 40 percent of the support in presidential preference polls." Everyone who has ever thought about voting for Teddy ought to be exposed to the incriminating evidence and unanswered questions contained in *The Last Kennedy*.

Prof. James MacGregor Burns, the



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Richard J. Whalen is the author of The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy *and more recently of* Taking Sides: A Personal View of America From Kennedy to Nixon to Kennedy.

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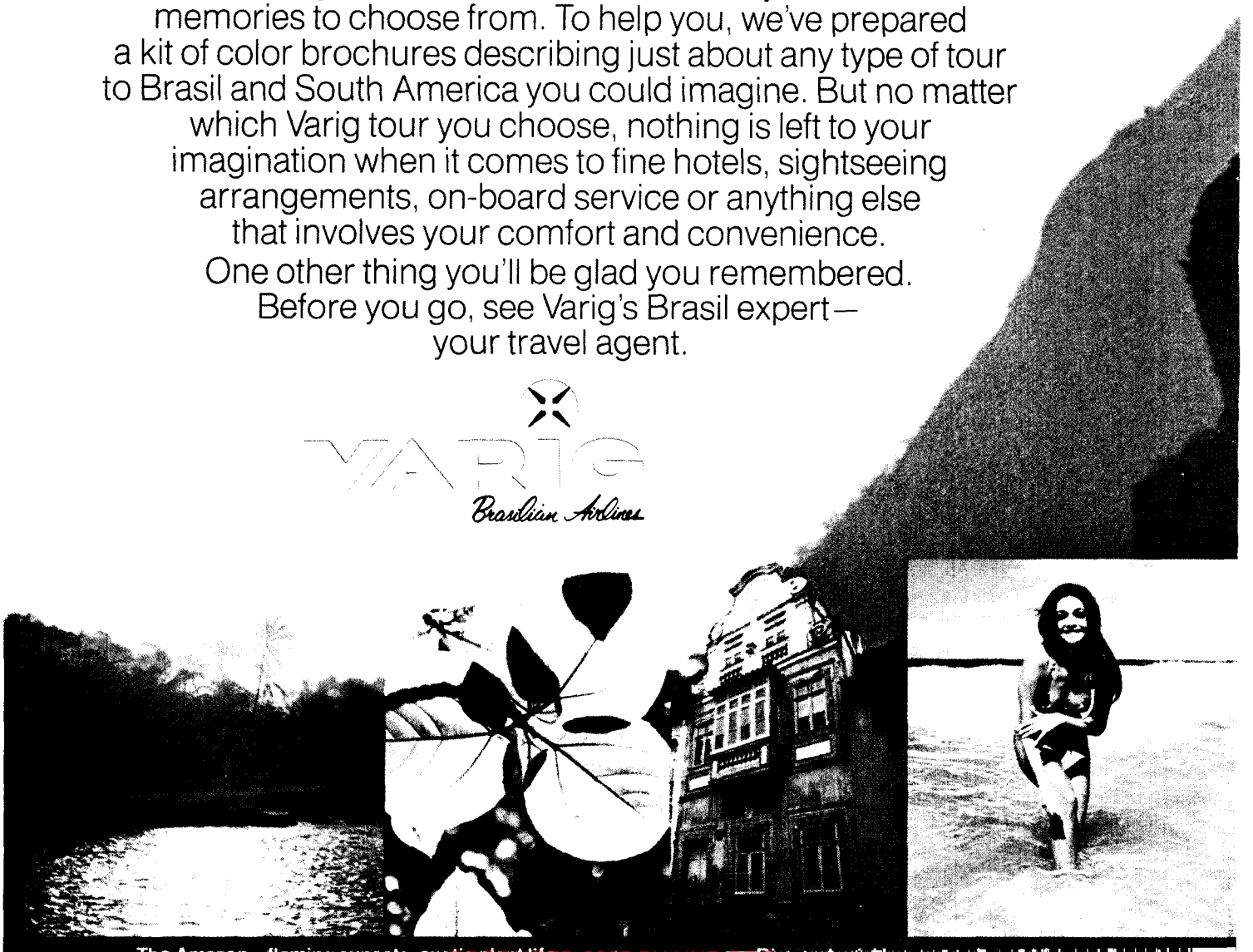

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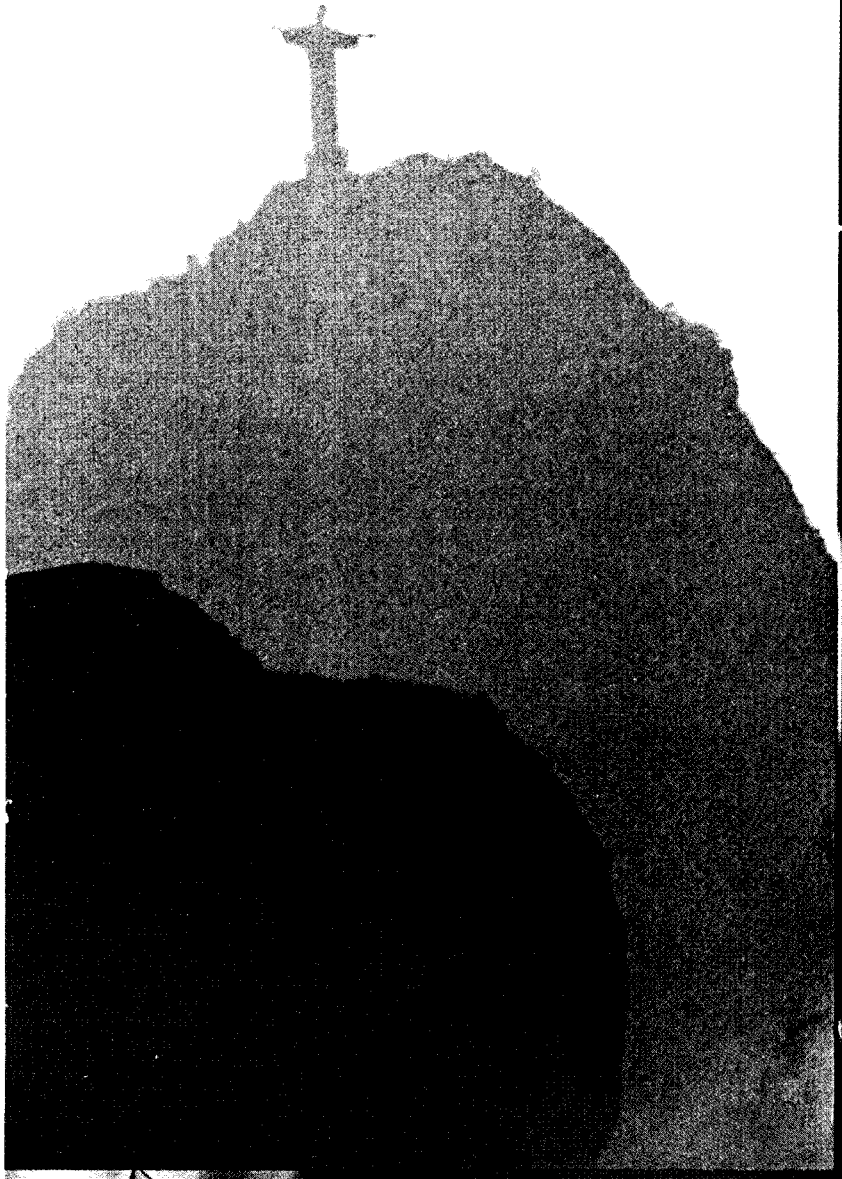

...angadas"—typical fishing boats.

The Toucan—funny and friendly.

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historian and early biographer of John F. Kennedy, has, in *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy*, much friendlier feelings toward his subject than Sherrill does. Written with Kennedy's cooperation but without his approval, this well-rounded, abundantly detailed biography consistently labors to put troubling facts in a sympathetic light. While the author asks many probing questions, including some of the right ones about Chappaquiddick and its moral implications, he sometimes volunteers excuses in the guise of responses. Alas, the more he strains to highlight Teddy's attractive qualities—his energy, his stamina, his natural empathy—the more the warts seem to rivet our attention.

With the acknowledged assistance of a squad of student-researchers, Burns tells us everything we might wish to know about the life and career of the youngest member of the clan—his gypsy schooling (he attended 10 schools before entering college), his episodic disciplining, his relationships within the family and especially with his often-absent father. (It may be noted in passing that Burns, like many others, errs in his estimate of the size and timing of the Kennedy fortune-making: Joe Kennedy did not have anything like $250 million as early as 1929.) We hear again the dynast's 1961 command: "Now it's Ted's turn. Whatever he wants, I'm going to see he gets it." An even more pungent, perhaps apocryphal, remark is omitted. "Look," the elder Kennedy is supposed to have said to Jack and Bobby, "I spent a lot of money for that Senate seat, and it belongs in the family."

Since he started his career near the top, Senator Kennedy has built a solid reputation on Capitol Hill with the assistance of a large and able staff. He has spearheaded the drive for a comprehensive national-health-care program, and he has taken positions on civil rights and forced busing that have made him the target of eggs and tomatoes in south Boston. His political maturation process, if such it is, has carried him ever leftward across the spectrum toward a more or less radical position, one that is often sharply at odds with the specific content of his martyred older brother's legacy. In his stand on defense and foreign-policy issues, for example, EMK bears no resemblance to JFK.

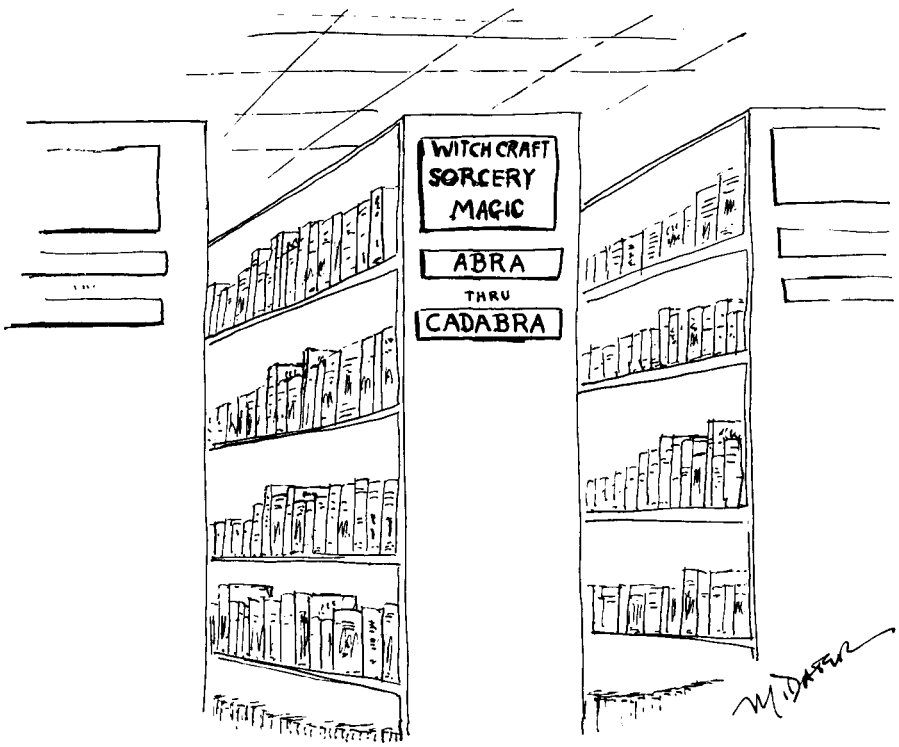
What, precisely, is the Camelot legacy? Burns has predictable difficulties in defining it, and comes in the end to elaborations of the familiar one-word summary: "style." We are indebted to Theodore White for reporting Jacqueline Kennedy's evocative reference to Camelot in an interview shortly after her husband's assassination, but we may fault him for missing the real point. Jackie, like Old Joe and all the Kennedys, instinctively drew apt analogies between their politics and show biz. Each of the Kennedys in turn has played a political role dictated by the opportunity of the moment; and so it is with Teddy, the silver-spoon ultra-liberal in a leftward-trending Democratic Party. It is no more appropriate to speculate on his degree of "commitment" to the positions that expediency dictates than it is to ask whether an actor truly "believes" his lines.

By far the most interesting part of Burns's analysis of Teddy is as much psychological as political. He writes:

> According to Kennedy's champions, he felt continuing anguish over the death of Mary Jo Kopechne; it was an accident. He condemned his own handling of the aftermath. That was wholly apart from his private life generally; he believed he had the right to decide what that should be. Nor did he consider it necessary politically to account for every moment of his days and nights to the public. One reason—perhaps not a wholly consciously held one—why Kennedy had not sought the presidency, some believe, is that he shrank from putting himself in a position where he might have to give up a part of himself that he did not wish to yield. . . . He may well not change his view in this regard even in the White House.

This shrewd, disturbing insight into Kennedy's character, though crafted by a friendly hand, is fully as damaging as anything that any enemy might write. We are told, almost in so many words, that the senator's recklessly indiscreet private life, his late-hours pub-crawling in Georgetown, and his wife's nervous disorder are none of our business, and that we are permitted to judge only the attractive public man who appears on stage. Paraphrasing "Kennedy analysts," Burns continues: "If the Senator does dangerous and seemingly fearless things, it is because he is really a timid man who is fearful of showing fear."

Burns closes his thoughtful study by asking whether the American people are ready for "the only kind of presidency that Edward Kennedy could offer." For his sake as well as ours, I pray that they are not. □



New Books

Franklin
by David Freeman Hawke
Harper & Row, 448 pp., $15.95

It would be a pity if the current disenchantment with the work ethic resulted in our throwing out Ben Franklin with Poor Richard. Richard was not the prig he has been pictured: "He that lives upon hope," he winked, "dies farting." Ben

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labored at printing only long enough to retire to his hobbies at 42, and David Freeman Hawke gives a good portrait of that supreme do-it-yourselfer. Lacking the Latin and mathematics to understand Newton's *Principia*, Franklin limited himself to Leyden jars and lightning rods and won admission to the Royal Society. Having left school at 10, he went on to found a library, a university, a philosophical society, a volunteer fire company, a new nation.

The secret, Hawke shows in his deft, delightful narrative, was a cheerful disposition and a pliant mind. The author, a rare combination of scholar and litterateur, does not conceal the "errata"—Franklin's breaking his apprenticeship bond with his brother, propositioning his best friend's wife, or pillorying Massachusetts Gov. Thomas Hutchinson for an indiscreet remark in a private letter. What manner of man?—a slaveowner and colonial who in his late 60s had the flexibility to denounce slavery and the courage to demand independence. His hobby was humanity.

MAX M. MINTZ

Jonathan Swift
by A. L. Rowse
Scribner's, 240 pp., $8.95

Jonathan Swift, England's greatest prose satirist and its most memorable personality in the first half of the 18th century, is familiar to most readers only as the author of *Gulliver's Travels*. In A. L. Rowse's spirited biography, Swift emerges as the quintessential tragic hero, oscillating throughout his long life between the jars of passion and reason, insatiable in the pursuit of power, grasping it briefly but mightily, then watching it slip away as he moves downward to mental debility and death. His biographer, with the cursoriness and self-indulgence that come with the writing of many books, marshals the relevant information. We learn of Swift's unpromising beginnings—he was born fatherless and poor, and endured the rough and raw of the old-fashioned public school. The tangled skein of Swift's ambiguous attachment to the women in his life—Stella and Vanessa, both of whom he outlived, and each of whom, presumably, he left unfulfilled—is easily unraveled. The political murk during the age of Queen Anne comes clear. The artistic achievement is placed, if not illuminated.

But it is all too pat. Rowse is never less than declarative, not least when ask-

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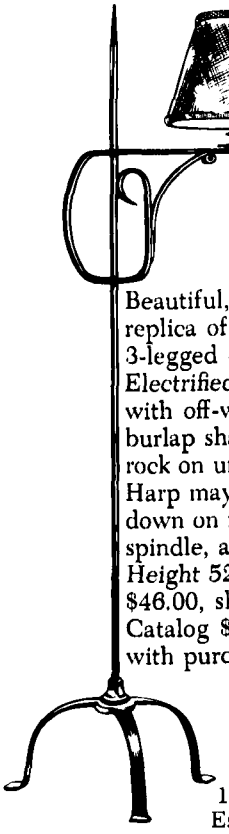

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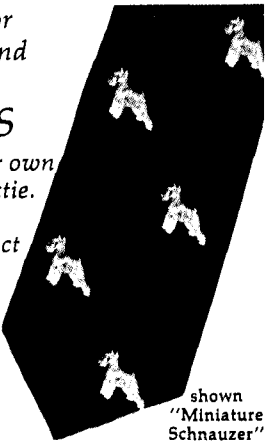

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ing rhetorical questions. He perceives the finicky search for truth as the affected labor-to-no-purpose of "intellectuals," a seemingly pejorative word in his lexicon. The brisk and chatty manner is sometimes engaging, often banal. In any event, it seems an inadequate instrument for dealing with the master of "savage indignation." RUSSELL FRASER

•

Details of a Sunset and Other Stories

by Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, 179 pp., $8.95

This latest book by Vladimir Nabokov is actually a collection of his first short stories, originally published during the Twenties and Thirties in the Russian-émigré newspapers of Berlin, Paris, and Riga. They have been freshly translated for this volume by the writer and his son.

When a writer is as complex and as brilliant as Nabokov, every word he sets down on paper is of at least historical interest—even comparatively slight, pallid sketches like the ones collected here. To be moved by *Details of a Sunset*, one must bear in mind the happy fact that its author went on to produce *Lolita* and *Pnin*, one must keep a sharp eye out for the occasional flash of real originality. The end of "A Guide to Berlin," for instance—in which the narrator, watching the bartender's child look out from the kitchen into the pub, suddenly realizes that he has just "glimpsed somebody's future recollection." Or the inarticulate, grief-stricken, strangely compelling figure of Chorb, who travels his honeymoon journey backward after his bride is killed in a freak accident. How fortunate we are that Nabokov did not meet a similar fate! Had he left only these first efforts, what literary archeologist, browsing through the files of forgotten newspapers, would have discerned in them a genius trembling on the edge of self-discovery?

KATHA POLLITT

•

The Body Is the Hero

by Ronald J. Glasser
Random House, 248 pp., $8.95

Dr. Ronald J. Glasser's two previous books, *365 Days* and *Ward 402*, quickly and deservedly established him as one of the leading contemporary physician-writers. His ability to move his readers emotionally while accurately describing the front lines, where doctors and very sick people come together, won him a large audience. But this is a rather different kind of book.

The Body Is the Hero is essentially a history of immunology, a guide along the difficult road scientific medicine has traveled in learning about the complex mechanism by which living creatures repel the armies of viruses, bacteria, and fungi that seek to destroy every multicellular organism. In his polished prose Dr. Glasser tells also the grim story of what happens when the immune system goes berserk and seeks to destroy the body of which it is part, or when, as in transplant rejection, it frustrates the most ingenious efforts of modern medicine to cure kidney or heart disease.

If any college is thinking of giving a course on Biology for Poets—in which general concepts and leading ideas are all, and grimy details are of no interest—this would be an ideal textbook. But readers for whom prose poems are not enough, who want to understand the intricacies of the immunological system and would find a diagram or two of great help, will most likely be confused and annoyed by this book.

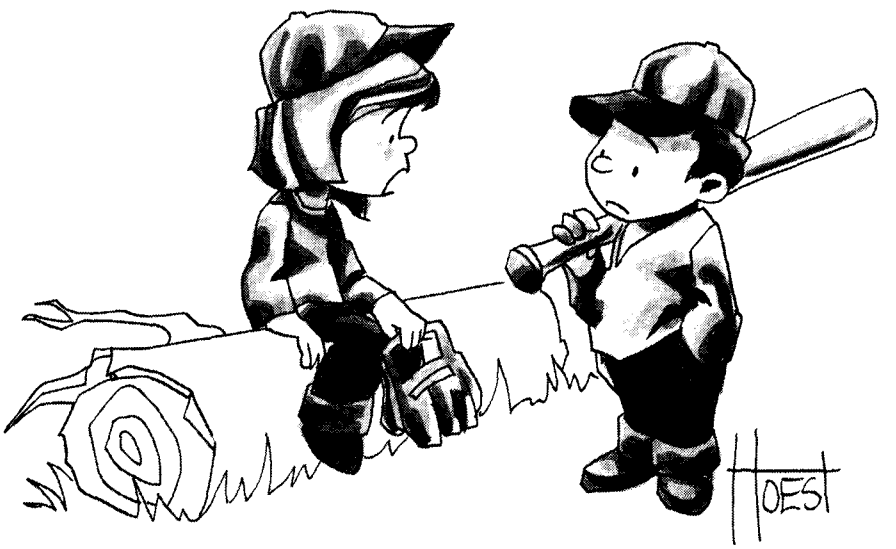
HARRY SCHWARTZ

•

Turtle Diary

by Russell Hoban
Random House, 211 pp., $7.95

Two middle-aged Londoners, living as drearily as the denizens of a T. S. Eliot poem, and afflicted by rather trite, if deeply felt, cultural and ecological anxieties, discover that they share a strange redemptive compulsion: to steal three green turtles from the zoo and restore them to their natural aquatic habitat. Such a premise could lead either to a bit of whimsy or to a serious symbolic action, but Russell Hoban (better known for his "Frances" children's stories) makes the mistake of trying for both. Unfortunately, he commands adequate equipment for neither. William G. and Neaera H., his protagonists, are so drab as to nearly baffle attempts to tell them apart, and they lack the intrinsic appeal required of the heroes of whimsy. The turtles, meanwhile, are made to carry an absurdly heavy metaphorical and mythical burden. Mr. Hoban writes well, and certain scenes (for example, a crank group-therapy session) come off amusingly, but the basic concept of the book is unworkable. The American reader will probably also find the very British bird-, bug-, and turtle-watching lore too persistent and too precious. JACK B. GOHN



"Bobby, do you like me for myself or for my fastball?"

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 57

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 62.

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LP JKFQK ELRLMS
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IBM Reports

Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from $2.44 to $3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

In actual practice, word processing has demonstrated its ability to provide clear-cut productivity gains and solid cost savings.

More benefits are on the way. More are needed.

IBM

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Danish Poet

How pleasant to find a happy poet! In this case, Benny Andersen, billed as "Denmark's most popular poet." I can see why: he's whimsical, ebullient, and adroit with simile and metaphor. The book, *Selected Poems*, is translated (and well) by Alexander Taylor, and is part of the Lockert Library of Poetry in Translation series, published by the Princeton University Press. It comes hardbound, with the original Danish on facing pages, at $9.50, and in paper at $2.95. Just as you get no bread with one meatball, you get no Danish with the cheaper edition. Now here's a pretty typical poem, "High and Dry":

The spruce saws away at the horizon
while the dunes cautiously
peep out behind one another's shoulders.
Low tide. The scowling black stones
rise up and lick their lips
with tongues of seaweed.

Pale and bitter, the lighthouse stares
at the gloating jaws of the boats—
What distant shores have they tasted—
What place could be more beautiful than this?

A dried up starfish
pointing in all directions.

Extraordinary Life

The only quarrel I have with Frank MacShane's impeccable *The Life of Raymond Chandler* (Dutton, May 21, $12.50) is the suspicion that perhaps the subject isn't worth all this impeccability. I've read all Chandler's works, and of course they're fine; but is he, as MacShane claims, a major writer? Hmmm. Well, there's a saying that *any* man's life, examined thoroughly enough, is worth writing about, and Chandler's was an extraordinary life. American-born, English-educated, an oil-company executive for 20 years, he began writing fiction at 44. He was married to a woman 18 years his senior, and was wildly devoted to her. He was a heavy drinker, a great letter-writer, and a very private "I." As well as a superb Hollywood anecdotalist. Witness:

Chandler himself recalled these lunches with pleasure. "At the writers' table at Paramount I heard some of the best wit I've heard in my life. Some of the boys are at their best when not writing. I remember Harry Tugend's wonderful crack about an actress when Tugend was trying to be a producer and hating it. He said: 'You know this is a lousy job. You got to sit and talk to that birdbrain seriously about whether or not this part is going to be good for her _____ career and at the same time you got to keep from being raped.' Whereat a rather innocent young man piped up: 'You mean to say she's a nymphomaniac?' Harry frowned off into the distance and sighed and said slowly, 'Well, I guess she would be, if they could get her quieted down a little.'"

Marital Warfare

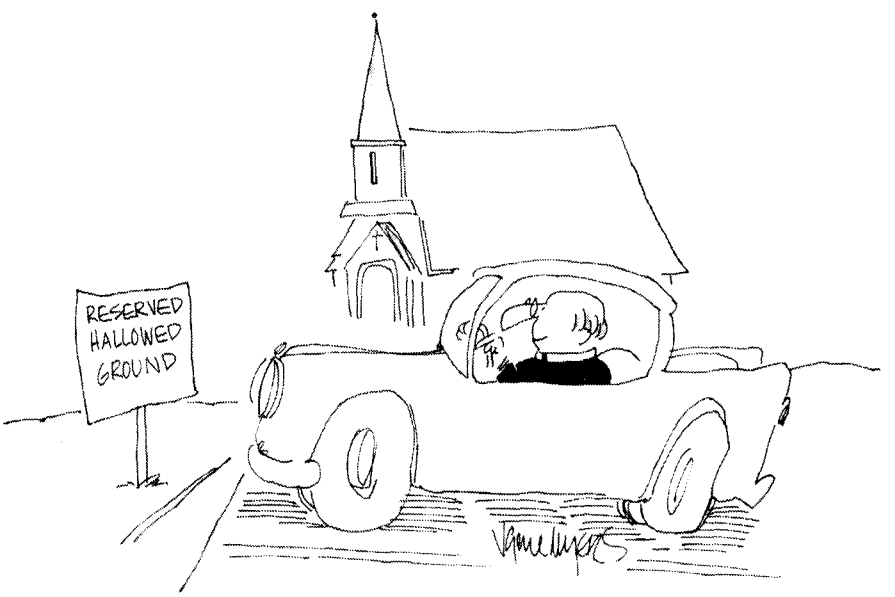
Lawrence Edwards's *Lover: The Confessions of a One-Night Stand* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, May 26, $8.95) is a sort of counterpart to last season's fine *Between Marriage and Divorce: A Woman's Diary* by Susan Braudy (Morrow). In each case the author had strayed from the straight-and-narrow matrimonial path, and in each case had a dreadful time adjusting to separation. Each, also, was surprised at the variety and assiduousness of courtships encountered after the separation. Lawrence Edwards is a sensitive, thinking man, and a good writer. Here are some "home truths":

She found it nearly impossible to pick a fight with me. For no sooner did she raise her voice, glare at me, clench her hands together to keep them to herself, than I would grow glazy-eyed, expressionless, but for a tiny, inerasable smile, nod in agreement with everything she said, regardless of how preposterous, and, when I talked, talk in a monotone and be so reasonable, not to mention self-righteous, in whatever I might say that it was impossible to fight with me. And probably impossible not to. . . .

I have since heard many times the complaints of women about the passivity of men during arguments. Such passivity, as the women say, drives them up the wall. It also drives them, as it did Paula, further into the fray. And it's only recently occurred to me that such passivity is not, as I'd thought it, simply a defensive weapon by which men can win fights the way a brick wall might be said to win a fight against a person taking out his frustrations by kicking at it. Such passivity is, in significant addition, a measure taken by the man so that he won't, in fact, truly enter the fight and thus battle with the passion the fight may inspire and thus kill the woman. Kill her dead.

Three in One

They're one of the writin'est families known to man: José Yglesias, his wife, Helen, and their son Rafael. Helen has just published *Family Feeling* with Dial; Rafael's second novel, *The Work Is Innocent*, will come from Doubleday in September; and papa's *The Kill Price* will be published on May 7 by Bobbs-Merrill at $6.95. He deals with love and death, and with the friendship between a successful New York Jewish novelist who is dying of cancer and a top-flight Mexican-American journalist. As happens frequently with stories about cancer victims, everything revolves around does-he-know and don't-tell-him-act-natural. Mr. Yglesias is a political novelist, and there is a long informative episode where his Chicano narrator takes a trip to Chile. And his novelist speaks politics: "Nixon resists caricature. He's not your everyday protagonist with a tragic flaw—he's got so many that he's crazed and not a single virtue shines through." Despite the subject, the novel is not depressing. Good people all. □



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artsletter

ABOUT MUSEUMS. Reopenings in Philadelphia. After a 10-month closure, the Philadelphia Museum of Art is open once again, totally refurbished and ready for an estimated 2 million Bicentennial visitors this summer. Artsletter preceded them earlier this spring to take a look at the $8.5 million renovation job, with the museum's director, Evan H. Turner, as enthusiastic guide.

The most important component of the renovation is invisible: a long-overdue air-conditioning system that will not only comfort summertime visitors but, even more important, protect art objects heretofore exposed to Philadelphia's extremes of heat and humidity. To install it, the interior of the museum was literally ripped apart from top to bottom. This gave Dr. Turner and his colleagues an opportunity to replan and redecorate every gallery and hallway in the building. Walls have been painted in a large variety of decorator colors, creating a sense of contrast from one gallery to the next. Lighting too has been modulated from room to room. And a new 14,000-square-foot area has been created to house special exhibitions.

Along with a refurbishing of the building went a reappraisal of the museum's vast collection. Many paintings were cleaned--for example, the Benjamin West "Agrippina," looking more splendid than ever above the mantelpiece of the drawing room Robert Adam designed for Landsdowne House in London's Berkeley Square. Other paintings, long relegated to purgatory in the basement, have been put back on view. Thus, a gallery devoted to European painting from 1870 to 1900 now juxtaposes works by the conservative (or Salon) artists of the period with those by the then avant-garde Impressionists. And everything in the place has been relabeled, with the intention of making attributions and datings as accurate as possible. "It was a bit traumatic," Dr. Turner admits, "having to move 480,000 objects back and forth while the museum was being torn apart. But the great benefit of all that activity is our now having a much clearer understanding of what we own."

Victorian Gothic. In Philadelphia we also visited the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where renovations have been in progress for the last two years. The building itself is a work of art in the massive Victorian Gothic style, and its rose marble columns, brass fixtures, and ceramic tiles now gleam like new. Here, too, a much-needed air-conditioning system has been installed. The museum reopened on April 22, exactly 100 years to the day after its inauguration as part of the 1876 Centennial Exposition. And to think that a decade or so ago there was talk of tearing it down!

Detroit breaks precedent. Last June, the Detroit Institute of Arts--fifth largest museum of its kind in America--ran into heavy financial weather and was forced to close its doors for nearly a month. The trouble was caused by a $640,703 cut in the allocated funds for the museum from the hard-pressed city of Detroit. Fortunately, the state intervened with an unprecedented direct appropriation of $680,000. Since then, Michigan's Gov. William Milliken has asked the state legislature for a $3.5 million grant to the Detroit Institute. Even if this figure is reduced somewhat in the legislative process, the Michigan initiative represents a significant change of course, one that could encourage other major cultural organizations to look to state legislatures--rather than to state arts councils--for direct funding. It should be reported, however, that this development arouses some misgivings on the part of those who fear the political implications of allowing state

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legislatures to substitute their judgment on arts appropriations for that of more professionally attuned arts councils.

Museum Services Act. Some of the same misgivings--this time on a national rather than state level--are being registered about the Museum Services Act, which forms part of the omnibus bill reauthorizing the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities through 1979. The proposed new act would set up a federally funded institute empowered to make direct grants to museums. (At present, federal monies for museums are funneled through the two Endowments.) For starters, an annual appropriation of about $15 million is contemplated. The bill's sponsors--Rep. John Brademas and Sen. Claiborne Pell--originally intended the institute to function under the aegis of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, on the principle that this agency provided the most appropriate umbrella for museums of all kinds (science and technology as well as art). However, some museum officials came out strongly against the HEW connection, and it seems possible that the act may be amended so as to put the proposed institute under either the Arts or the Humanities Endowment. Congress is expected to vote on the measure before summer.

The significance of all this new legislation lies in the growing recognition that museums will increasingly come to need allocations of state and federal funds, not just for unusual projects, but for regular week-to-week operating expenses. Getting one-time grants to mount special shows is all very well, but the first imperative is to pay the guards and the electric bill.

SPOLETO IN CHARLESTON. Since 1958, the Festival of Two Worlds in the Italian hill town of Spoleto has carved out an enviable reputation as one of Europe's most creative and comprehensive performing-arts festivals. Now, under the guidance of its founder and president, Gian Carlo Menotti, the original promise of its title is to be fulfilled at last. Next year, from May 25 to June 5, the Spoleto Festival will launch an American counterpart in Charleston, S.C.

ROLAND GELATT

NSLA News

REMINDERS. NSLA Book and Author Forum. Tuesday, May 11, Lotos Club, 5 East 66th St., New York, N.Y. Program begins at 12:00 noon. James Baldwin ("The Devil Finds Work"), Dan Greenburg ("Something's There"), Gail Sheehy ("Passages") are the featured speakers. Admission $7.50, to include luncheon and gratuities. For reservations, send check to NSLA, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

Guggenheim Museum. Tuesday, May 11, at 7:30 p.m., Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St., New York, N.Y. Lecture for NSLA members on current exhibit, "The Guggenheim Collection: 1880 to 1945," by Thomas Messer, director of the museum, followed by tour. Admission is free but only by reservation. Write or phone NSLA, 212-751-7900, ext. N.

Shakespeare Festival Tour. June 26-July 9, with SR drama critic Henry Hewes. Performances at Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, New York City; American Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Conn.; the Canadian Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Ontario; and the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-upon-Avon in England. Write to NSLA at address below for details.

Women in Writing Conference. August 7-8, Harrison House Conference Center, Glen Cove, L.I., N.Y. Representative group of women writers participating, plenary sessions, and workshops on wide range of topics. For further details write to Hannelore Hahn, 1628 York Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028.

National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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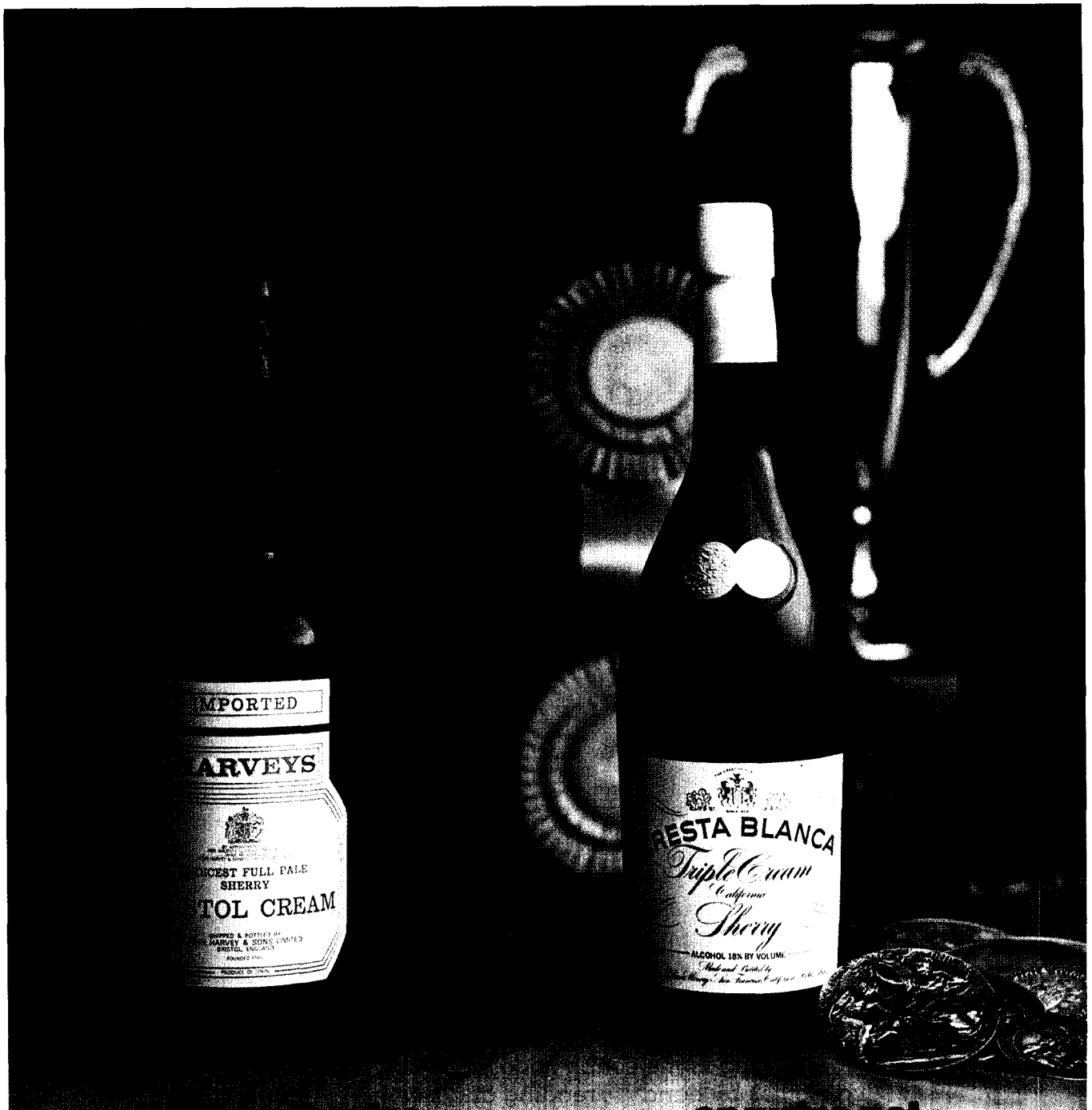

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LA 11/4

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Bergman and Hitchcock:

Faces and Plots

by Judith Crist

They are the verities in our cinematic life—Ingmar Bergman, at 57, marking his 30th year as a filmmaker with his 39th film; Alfred Hitchcock, at 76, marking his 50th with his 53rd. Both are at peak performance.

Bergman's *Face to Face* is one of his finest films, the most humanistic and thereby the most accessible, perhaps because it is the most personal. The metaphysician, the mystic, the symbol-laden searcher for spiritual surcease have given way to the man in search of self, of an understanding of the universal experiences that enable us to survive. The film, Bergman explained in a letter to cast and crew when filming was to begin, "in a way is about an attempted suicide. Actually it deals ('as usual,' I was about to say!) with Life, Love, and Death.

"If some honest person were to ask me honestly just why I have written this film," he continued, "I, to be honest, could not give a clear-cut answer. I think that for some time now I have been living with an anxiety which had no tangible cause. . . . Another person's vicissitudes came to my aid; I found similarities between her experiences and my own, with the difference that her situation was more obvious and more explicit, and much more painful." Through his exploration of "this admirable character's shockingly quick breakdown and agonizing rebirth," he explained, he had "benefited greatly. . . . If this opus can be of similar use to someone else, the effort is not in vain." And then with levity he noted, "To recognize a distant or close acquaintance with a malicious or pitying smile is of course not so bad either and can give rise to strengthening comparisons, in which one's own excellence can be measured by someone else's wretchedness. Nor in fact is there any harm in simply letting oneself be entertained for a couple of hours."

In this case, to be "entertained" is to be enthralled by Liv Ullmann, whose portrait of the protagonist assures her status as one of the great actresses of our day. Ullmann's Jenny is a psychiatrist, a beautiful woman, an established professional, "capable, well-adjusted, disciplined," surrounded by "the good things in life." With her husband abroad for a three-month conference, her daughter at camp, and a summer-replacement job of her own at a local clinic, Jenny moves out of the suburban house they plan to sell and comes to live with her maternal grandparents, who raised her after her parents' death.

Is it the return to her childhood home and guardians that triggers her unease? The image of a stern, disfigured woman appears there intermittently; at the clinic a catatonic patient she has been helping begins to regress; her grandfather turns to the past, terrified by the prospect of death. And although she "rather misses" her husband, she has taken a lover who bores her. She relinquishes him for a determinedly platonic relationship with Tomas, a gynecologist she meets at a party. And then, one dawn, a phone caller tells her that Maria, the catatonic, has broken into her empty house. She arrives there to find Maria, drugged, in the hands of two men; one tries to rape Jenny, and the other steals her money.

Afterward, Jenny is seemingly still in control: "If you force everything to be as usual, it can be." But not for long. There is sudden hysteria as she tells Tomas of her reactions to the rape attempt, followed by a retreat into daylong sleep, a brief return to the "usual," and the stolid

Ullmann suffers—"Every shudder and nerve-twist in a brilliant aria of agony."

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consumption of handful after handful of sleeping pills.

It is in Jenny's "awakening" under Tomas's watchful care at the hospital that Bergman exposes her life through the "realities" of her intermittent dreams, interrupted by probing exchanges of confidences with Tomas, an embarrassed and abortive visit from her husband, and finally a sterile confrontation with her daughter. The insecurities and anxieties, the angers and guilts, surface through the sleeping and waking moments. One sees the onslaught of loneliness, the ambivalence of child-parent relations, the "desertion" that death brings, the "smell" of age, the adult cruelties and the deprivations of a rigid upbringing, the inhibition it produces in sexual and maternal relations and a consequent loss of joy, and the harrowing frustrations of a profession that proffers only placebos for incurable anguish, a crushing sense of inadequacy, a yearning "just once" to "understand" and have the right words to offer. Tomas, who has taken over her care to "protect" her from the psychiatric treatment he abhors ("In 50 years," he tells her, "the methods that your so-called science practiced in our time will be regarded with horror mixed with amusement"), offers only a caring comfort. And yet it is he, declaring that "the world begins and ends with yourself," who makes her touch the primary emotional scar. It is a harrowing plunge into memory—Ullmann communicates every shudder and nerve-twist in a brilliant aria of agony—but it leads to purgation, to an understanding of what "reality" can mean, to a fleeting realization, as she returns home to see her grandparents' enduring affection, that "love embraces everything—even death."

Bergman's compassion has never before been focused so intently on the female psyche, and no "Bergman woman" has been so thoroughly realized as Ullmann's is here. This is the step beyond the emotional intuitions of *Cries and Whispers*, beyond the pragmatic authenticities of *Scenes From a Marriage*. Fittingly, Ullmann is again complemented, as in *Scenes*, by Erland Josephson. His Tomas is a man whose bridge to understanding is his own bisexuality, his willing submersion in another's pain. The entire cast, Bergman's repertory company, is equally fine in the clear focus of familiar scenes and in the strangeness of the extended realities of dreams—all created through Sven Nykvist's camera eye, all underlined by Kabi Laretei's exquisite piano variations on the theme of Mozart's Fantasy in C minor. Bergman has probed the universal soul and led us to face ourselves, at last, with love and comfort.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK has led us back to the grand old days of mystery-suspense with his glitteringly contemporary *Family Plot*, to a time—remember?—when one could delight in the good guys, marvel at the malevolent, be carried to the ultimate in excitement, and be rescued at the brink of torment with a burst of laughter and a gush of good will. And when all the intricacies and pleasures of a first-rate plot, if you recall, could be seen plain without buckets of blood and harrowing mayhem.

It's back to the Hitchcockian verve of the Fifties: by no small coincidence, the screenplay, adapted from Victor Canning's *The Rainbow Pattern*, has been provided by Ernest Lehman, who provided both story and screenplay for Hitch's *North by Northwest* in 1959. We start out with an aged grande dame and a fluffy little spiritualist in mid-séance; the client is no "$25 goldfish" the medium and her cab-driver boyfriend hook from time to time for survival (he is an unemployed actor waiting for that big break). She is a "whale," offering $10,000 if they find the illegitimate nephew she forced her sister to abandon ("Forty years ago an unmarried mother was not the commonplace it is today") so that she can clear her conscience and make him her heir. And scarcely have the pair undertaken the assignment ("Not the private-eye bit again," the cabbie moans) when their path crosses, quite literally, that of another couple, an affluent jeweler and his lady, who, *pour le sport* and out of a passion for gems, have taken to kidnapping "whales"—a shipping magnate, a bishop—for a ransom in diamonds.

To offer further story detail would be to spoil your pleasure in the immaculate unfolding of plot and counter-plot that Hitchcock provides in the grand style, offering us the monsters in mundane guise, the sunlit terrors, the eccentrics on the sidelines, the red herrings, and the tongue-in-cheek thrills that are his hallmarks. At times he seems to verge on self-satire, but actually it is a master's relish, a crafty craftsman's joy in his craft. And his cast is inspired in selection and performance. As the good guys, Barbara Harris, a bourgeois dumb blonde who's not so dumb but very cuddly, and Bruce Dern, a pipe-smoking

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Hitchcock directs—"Pleasures of plot without buckets of blood."

nice-guy plodder amazed at his own accomplishment, have the old-fashioned virtue of being overwhelmed by the prospect of $10,000 and determined to get it by hook and by as little crook as possible. As the baddies, Karen Black, a sleek plotter whose principles limit her criminal potential, and William Devane, a smoothie with unlimited ambition and wicked aspiration, have little if any virtue in their greed. And there are lovely bits by Ed Lauter, as a thoroughly vile sycophant, and Cathleen Nesbitt, as the millionairess with belated family feeling—let alone by Hitch, who joshes himself further in his usual personal appearance.

It is a grand entertainment in the grand tradition, the dialogue as sprightly as the pace, the giggles as frequent as the gasps, the scene as realistic as the action, the people as credible as the plot. Above all, you find yourself relaxing from the start, intuitively aware that you are in the hands of The Master. And those hands have not lost their touch—it is as deft as ever, mature, tempered with that self-awareness which is the mark of the true sophisticate.

All the President's Men, based on the 1974 Carl Bernstein-Bob Woodward book reporting their investigation of the June 17, 1972, Watergate burglary and its ramifications, is just that—and therein lies its excellence and the integrity of its makers. What might have been an exploitation flick, a two-star vehicle, a romanticization of actuality, or the fantasy that so many fact-based works become on screen is, instead, not only the most authentic film about journalism in my experience but also a suspenseful, engrossing account of the prologue to the major moral and political horror of recent years.

Most important is that the film, undertaken by Robert Redford's Wildwood Enterprises, with a script by William Goldman, directed by Alan J. Pakula, is not the "glamour" exercise one might expect from the portrayal of Bernstein by Dustin Hoffman, Woodward by Redford, the *Washington Post* hierarchy by Jack Warden, Martin Balsam, and Jason Robards, and Deep Throat (Woodward's mysterious informant and counselor) by Hal Holbrook. There is, from public impressions, a remarkable similarity between the two reporters and the stars' personae and physicality—and Goldman, in his properly austere script, has not enlarged upon their private backgrounds. This is, first and last, a story of professionalism, of two "hungry" young reporters embarked upon an investigation, of the superiors who had to evaluate and pass judgment on the results, of men who took responsibility for disclosures of a corruption that even now, four years later and in our post-Watergate loss of innocence (if not in our cynicism), we find difficult to accept and are therefore all too ready to forget in its sickening detail.

Hoffman and Redford, both at their best, are submerged in their roles with an authenticity to match that of the somehow ominous Washington scenes, filmed on location, and the cold reality of the exacting replica of the *Post*'s newsroom and offices, constructed in Burbank, Calif. Pakula has so skillfully disciplined his performers that one is startled in retrospect to discover familiar names in the supporting cast; only Robards, as Benjamin Bradlee, the *Post*'s executive editor, is allowed, not inappropriately, his bravura moments. What emerges through Gordon Willis's lens, then, is a film of brilliant contrast, one depicting the day-in, day-out plodding, painstaking work of investigative reporters against a familiar background suddenly filled with foreboding, turned sinister as the surface of corruption touched upon. An honorable work, by and about honorable men.

FOR THE SEASON—let alone the ever-present audience for biblical spectaculars—*Moses*, an Anglo-Italian co-production starring Burt Lancaster, has been released in theaters. Originally telecast in six one-hour segments last summer by CBS, the film has been re-edited, some footage added, and the whole epic boiled down to two and a half hours. The result is a talky, plodding, unspectacular pseudo-epic sparked by a magnificent performance by Lancaster but damped down by a plethora of historic details, chubby extras, cheapjack production, uninspired special effects (ah there, C.B.!) and, above all, middle-class good taste. The literate script, by Anthony Burgess, Vittorio Bonicelli (one of the writers of *The Bible*), and the director, Gianfranco De Bosio, is over-literalized; De Bosio, a theater-rooted filmmaker, has arranged set-pieces in the endless Israeli desert, appropriate for the small screen but static on the large. With intermittent support from Anthony Quayle's Aaron, Ingrid Thulin's Miriam, and Laurent Terzieff's Pharaoh, Lancaster carries the dramatic burden with patriarchal authority, but even he cannot carry it beyond the Sunday-school level. □

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Fischer-Dieskau's First Hans Sachs

West Berlin

West Berlin has long ceased to be a major seat of government, but it was the musical capital of both Germanys on the night when the Deutsche Oper presented a new production of Richard Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau making his long-awaited first performance anywhere in the central role of the shoemaker-poet Hans Sachs. How "long-awaited" would depend on when one first heard of such a possibility. For me it dates to the Festival of Britain in 1951, when his appearance was reliably forecast, but never materialized.

Fischer-Dieskau's embodiment, at long last, of the great role is not a matter of matchless singing by a performer who has some interesting ideas about the character. It is, rather, a great character study by a man who also happens to be today's outstanding singer of the whole German literature of art songs from Mozart to Mahler. To speak of it also as Freudian is merely to underscore the depth and breadth of the total background he has brought to bear upon his impersonation.

This is a Sachs six feet four inches in height, lean for all his 50 years (the same age as Fischer-Dieskau), widowed and childless, but still with the sap of life very much in his veins. When we first make his acquaintance, in the opening scene in St. Catharine's Church in Nürnberg (a vista of 1550 simply, beautifully fulfilled in Jan Schlubach's glorification of a traditional *Meistersinger* decor), Sachs is but a master among other masters. Too many fine performers of the part have carried over to their next *Meistersinger* the reverence and respect that accrues to Sachs only at the end of the drama. Fischer-Dieskau skirts that misconception by remaining inconspicuous until Wagner's action requires him to be otherwise.

Undoubtedly Fischer-Dieskau is well acquainted with Wagner's description (*not* in the libretto) of Sachs as a man responding to a major moment of the action "half in earnest, half ironically." Certainly this was suggested in the attitude he assumed toward his fellow masters and their pedantically premised objections to the youthfully vibrant song raised by Walther von Stolzing in his bid for membership in their guild. His Sachs remains mockingly aloof until his ear is captured by Walther's further phrases in Act 1. "Ah!" one can imagine him thinking, "here is something new for stodgy old Nürnberg." Indeed, he is so aroused that, either by his own impulse or that of the production's stage director, Peter Beauvais, Fischer-Dieskau's Sachs puts himself on Walther's side physically as well as esthetically by walking over to the beleaguered knight, praising him with a pat on the back, and otherwise extending Wagner's directions by more than a little.

As the action progresses, Fischer-Dieskau's triumph is to define clearly, but with great humanity, the dilemma by which Sachs is confronted. That is to resist the open invitation of Eva, whose father has put her up as a bride for the master who wins a song contest, to win her himself and thus save her from going by default to the testy, aging town clerk Beckmesser (when it appears that the disqualified Stolzing, her first choice, will not even be allowed to compete). But despite, or perhaps because of, the famil-

Story Press

Fischer-Dieskau in Die Meistersinger—"*The sap of life in his veins.*"

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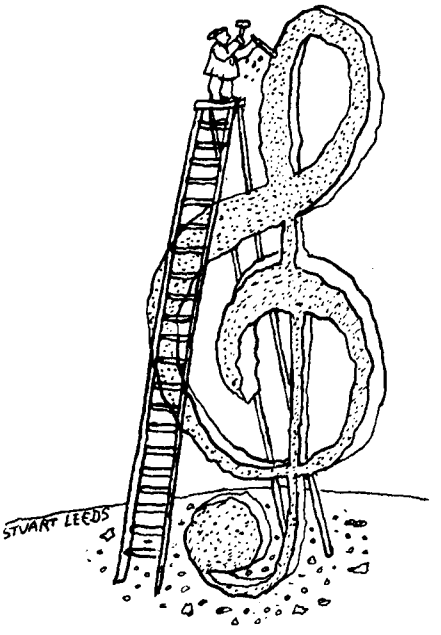
iarly Freudian factors—the widower's own repressions; Eva's recourse to him as a father figure; and Walther's convenient "dream," which becomes the subject of his winning prize song—Fischer-Dieskau puts aside as pure fantasy his own latent desire for the young woman. Two things tell us, in this carefully evolved study, that the desire has, temporarily, been sublimated rather than conquered or forgotten. In the quintet of the workshop scene, Beauvais has assigned front-of-the-stage prominence to the two pairs of lovers (Eva and Walther, Magdalene and David) while Sachs gazes abstractedly out of the window at the rear until he must become the fifth, odd man out, in the musical ensemble. At the very end, after renunciation has turned to alienation, Sachs wanders off into the crowd and disappears rather than being crowned by Eva with the laurel wreath (awarded to Walther as prizewinner) symbolic of the shoemaker-poet's wise participation in the outcome.

So much emphasis on the dramatic side of Fischer-Dieskau's Sachs may raise some questions about his singing. Is the voice too light? The volume too small? His endurance insufficient for a work that began at 5:35 P.M. and ended, with intermissions, at 11:15? The short answer is no. The long answer is that in a theater the size of the Deutsche Oper (capacity 1,900) and with a conductor having the understanding and insight of Eugen Jochum, Fischer-Dieskau's rare skill in the management of his vocal resources scored point after point in finesse, in verbal detail, in beauty of statement. There are, after all, two kinds of Sachs, historically: the Wolfram kind and the Wotan kind. Fischer-Dieskau clearly belongs to the Wolfram (Herbert Janssen) rather than the Wotan (Friedrich Schorr) variety.

Curiously, his one inept vocal moment came in the *Fliedermonolog* of Act 2, the meditations (prompted by the blooming lilacs around Sachs's working place) of which would appear ideally suited to Fischer-Dieskau. But it was all too intellectualized, with a good deal of walking about disturbing a scene whose essence should be repose. In the *Schusterlied* ("Jerum! Jerum!"), in the *Wahnmonolog*, and eventually in the rebuke to Walther (when he turns down membership in the guild after winning the song contest), there was the kind of power which is the product not of massive vocal cords but of breath artfully measured and magnificently focused. As for the workshop scene, in which all the threads of the drama are tightly drawn, Fischer-Dieskau was at his unique best in making every word audible, every note a contribution to meaning.

Aside from the spacious, always supportive conducting of Jochum, the attractive designs of Schlubach, and the creative direction of Beauvais, vocal quality was at its height just where it should be, in the David of Horst Laubenthal, an apprentice worthy of such a master as Fischer-Dieskau's Hans Sachs. The values otherwise were of the earnest rather than the distinguished category, from Ernst Krukowski's diligent Beckmesser and Peter Lagger's impressive but vocally dry Pogner to the marginally successful Walther of Gerd Brenneis and the likably dramatic, vocally



undersized Eva of Gerti Zeumer. Ruth Hesse was a more than usually appealing Magdalene. Each will remember, and be remembered, when the date of the first Fischer-Dieskau Sachs is forgotten—not so much for what they did, but for what they were a part of. The audience that packed the theater received Berlin-born Fischer-Dieskau with wave on wave of applause.

FOR A MUSIC-LOVER with a night to spare before and after this prime event, Berlin, at far from high season, was hospitality personified. The evening before had long been set aside for Rudolf Serkin's return to Berlin as soloist with the Philharmonic in the first piano concerto of Brahms, but the illness that prevented his appearance in January to observe the 40th anniversary of his debut in Carnegie Hall kept him at home. Also ailing was the scheduled conductor, Rafael Kubelik. Nevertheless, the angled interior of the Philharmonie, which spreads music to an audience seated not in the round but in the square (on all sides), was alive with rewarding sounds.

The rising Czech conductor Zdenek Mácal (a Mitropoulos Competition winner in the mid-Sixties) took over Kubelik's program and made an especially impressive thing of Janáček's *Taras Bulba*. The vastly qualified Rudolf Firkusny was Serkin's replacement in the concerto, whose conductors in the long, distinguished lore of the great orchestra have included the composer himself. The latest performance bore this distinction proudly, especially in the orchestral principals (timpani to horn) who joined Firkusny as soloist. In the *Egmont* Overture of Beethoven, Mácal met the orchestra just about halfway, and was rewarded thereby with a thoroughly unified, broadly "Berlin" performance.

At the Komische Oper in East Berlin (a place, despite all the propaganda, which is neither pleasant nor agreeable to get into or out of) the reputation of the late Walter Felsenstein for meticulously rehearsed, highly creative reconstructions of familiar opera is kept alive by a broad selection from the career which ended with his death in early 1975. Far from the best is also the last in that long sequence, a version of Mozart's famous response to Beaumarchais's *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The score is beautifully played by an excellent orchestra under the direction of Géza Oberfrank, and the skeletonized settings on the deep, spacious stage of the modest but well-equipped Komische Oper are uncommonly successful in depicting the interior of a palace. Between the fine orchestra and the attractive settings, however, the listening ear and attentive eye were constantly distracted by an incessant pattern of action that called attention to itself rather than to the narrative. It is well known that the performers at the Komische cannot match voices with those commonly heard elsewhere, hence Felsenstein's emphasis on dramatic credibility. But it all struck me as at odds with common sense to spend weeks and months of preparation to produce a great Mozartian masterpiece in the wrong language—as *Die Hochzeit des Figaro* (in German) rather than as *Le Nozze di Figaro* (in Italian) as Mozart wrote it. □

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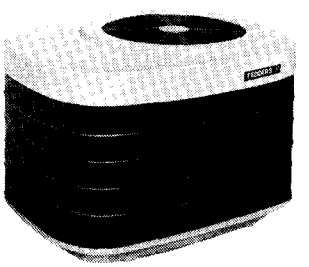

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Confrontation in Chicago

by William Marlin

Chicago: butcher to the world and, for nearly a century, builder. Here is an architecture that has had more to do with how our cities look and work than that of any other place in the world. It has often been a handsome, honest, plainspoken architecture—and tall, like the steel-framed skyscrapers it started siring in the 1880s. The Chicago School sunk those caisson foundations to a bedrock belief in squared-off receptacles of functional, flexible space wrapped with glass. Today the keepers of the frame are likely to look back on the epoch as if it were their very own property, belonging solely to those building in line with what has been called the "genuine and legitimate" architecture of our age. Those pursuing other paths, looked upon by the Establishment as examples of dead-end romanticism or inconsequential caprice, have been branded as outlaws.

The fact is that in the good old days of the Chicago School, following the Great Fire of 1871, everybody was an outlaw, bent on ambushing the sumptuous sham of the French-inspired Beaux Arts. But over the years, especially after the ascent of the sleek-surfaced, machine-tooled International Style and the Chicago advent of Mies van der Rohe in the Thirties, many of these outlaws turned respectable, became sheriffs, and started policing everybody else's precepts with a righteousness as hardened as the Beaux Arts had been. The German-born Mies, who died in 1969, brought into being what is called the Second Chicago School, consolidated modernism's conquest of architecture, and was—with his highly honed structural frames, deft detail, classic proportions—one of the greatest law-and-order men who ever lived. While this tough thesis continues to produce brilliant buildings in the hands of some of his adherents, the refinement of structural or spatial elements alone is no guarantee of an architecture that can evoke human interaction, enhance the built-up, cared-for qualities of a specific street or district, and make for a spritely, satisfying physical setting.

The Reliance Building (1894) and the Sears Tower (197

The new outlaws have now come out on the street to say that an architecture that measures dimensions like these is also one of "rational structural order," the difference being that, in the outlaw zone, order is the countenance not only of construction but also of the social, cultural, and physical context in which buildings arise. Rightly or wrongly, then, a showdown is coming in which people who are called "Miesians" are pitted against people who are called "anti-Miesians." What is really at issue is whether the old prairie town, which gave the world its first and, to date, tallest skyscraper (the 110-story Sears Tower), is going to stay closed down—or be opened up to a mainstream that has begun to cut a course around Chicago's recalcitrant, smug dependence on a single, deterministic approach.

THIS SHOWDOWN will be depicted in two benchmark exhibits, April 30 through June 20, in Chicago. "100 Years of Chicago Architecture: The Continuity of Structure and Form" will be at the Museum of Contemporary Art, and is basically "Miesian" in approach. It depicts a dominant force cycling through this period—the development of a "rational structural order" based upon

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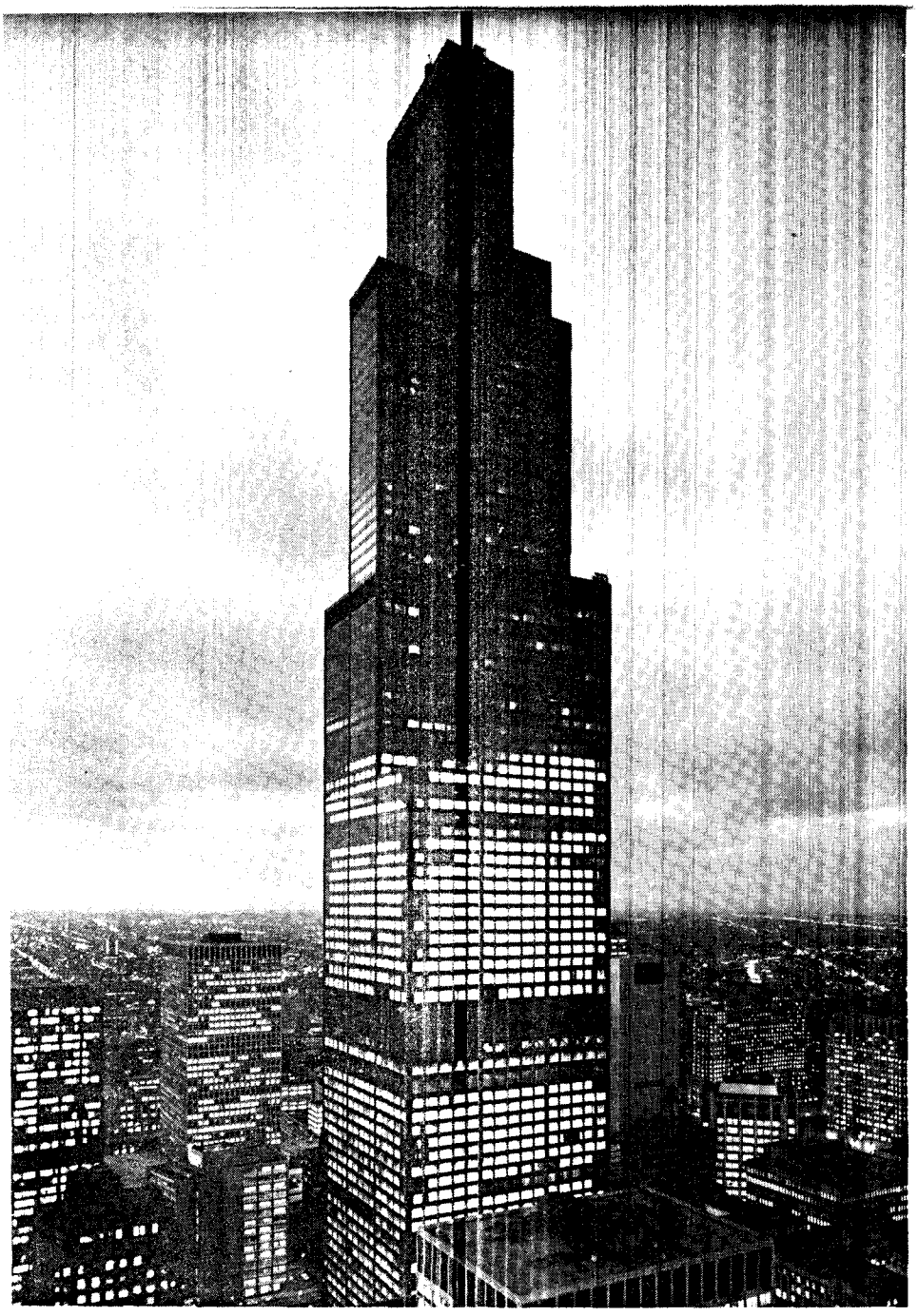

Jim Hedrich/Hedrich-Blessing
-"*A handsome, honest, plainspoken architecture.*"

the clear expression of engineering technique. Representing what has been thought of as an inviolable truth in these parts, it was originated by *Die neue Sammlung* in Munich in 1973 and has been widely seen in Europe. In spunky contrast is "Chicago Architects," at the Time & Life Building. This is basically "anti-Miesian" and tries to get across the message that the much-acclaimed Chicago cosmos, known for the supernovae of high-reaching, wide-spanning structures, is actually composed of far more and diverse particles of conceptual matter than have been given credence, representing a latticework of overlapping values rather than a shrine for the worship of a codified tradition.

Architect Stanley Tigerman is one of the outlaws, a self-proclaimed street-fighter from the back streets of Chicago with the build of a hip flask. With Stuart Cohen, Benjamin Weese, and Laurence Booth, he has assembled "Chicago Architects" in the belief that "the obscure, seminal works of lesser men have been exorcised from the liturgy to canonize certain better-known celebrants." The exhibit shows some 70 buildings—a few tall ones, to be sure, but, more interestingly, a lot of meat-and-potatoes stuff like houses, apartment houses, stores, libraries, banks, churches. Many were designed by architects who have been ignored by historians attempting to shore up the philosophical primacy of the first and second Chicago Schools. Others are among the best-known buildings of the first one—for example, the steel-framed Reliance, aripple with terra-cotta cladding, ashimmer with glass, designed by a relatively unknown fellow named Charles Atwood while working for the very well-known Daniel H. Burnham, who said sonorously, "Make no little plans. They have not the magic to stir men's blood."

Yet right alongside, designed at the same time for the Columbian Exposition of 1893, is Atwood's Hall of Fine Arts, a classic-revival extravaganza. Talk about overlapping values! No sooner had the steel frame made its most personable gesture than it ran into the pomposity of the Exposition. By the middle of the first decade of this century, the Chicago School was being suffocated and, according to the sheriffs, its structural rationale would remain hidden —costumed in one superficial fashion after another—until Mies hit town to restore order. The outlaws don't buy this version of the story. While agreeing with the great, embittered Louis Sullivan, the town preacher during the first Chicago School, that the Exposition set modern architecture back, they insist there is a wealth of innovation in between, substantiating their claim.

So along with familiar old-timers like Sullivan and the brash young Frank Lloyd Wright, "Chicago Architects" pays attention to many less-known talents—David Adler, Solon Beman, Andrew Rebori, Barry Byrne, George Fred Keck, Paul Schweiker. Buckminster Fuller, prophet in embryo, is here with his pre-fab Dymaxion House, designed in a Chicago tenement flat in 1927. Rebori's many-angled, richly textured Masonry House and Keck's metallic House of Tomorrow (both for the 1933 Chicago World's Fair) remind us that this period was scarcely the "dismal interval" that historian Siegfried Giedion said it was. Bertrand Goldberg, who trained at the Bauhaus in Germany when Mies was director and became internationally known in the early Sixties for the concrete corncobs of Marina City, is shown with a gas station and ice-cream shop of 1938, dramatizing his early interest in the formal mutations possible through industrialization. "Chicago Architects" demonstrates that a

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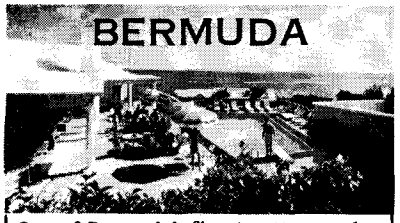

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body of historical precedent does not consist of events in simplistic sequence, like frames of film being advanced through a camera, but of multiple exposures of reality. The outlaws' exhibit also explains why the Miesian takeover of the town was so swift. For the stylistic and technological spadework of modernism continued all along and, subtly but surely, spread the impetus for change across an ever-widening field of awareness and acceptance.

IN STARK CONTRAST to this easygoing exploration of life in the crevices, the upright Miesian sheriffs have pulled out all the stops to prove the abiding power of the rational and structural approach to building design. "Continuity of Structure and Form," which shows some 200 buildings, was conceived in Germany by Oswald Grube and is being coordinated in this country by Peter C. Pran, a senior architect with Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. He says, "There can really be no confrontation between the two shows." The outlaws' exhibit, being made up mostly of smaller structures (with none shown in downtown Chicago from the past 25 years), "is certainly no challenge to the urban architectural design shown in our exhibit." Well, the sheriffs bring out many of the old Chicago School boys, as well they should. Maj. William LeBaron Jenney is here with his First Leiter Building, one of the earliest skyscrapers. So is the firm of Burnham and Root with that spartan brick cliff, the Monadnock (also shown by the outlaws). Atwood reappears with the Reliance, and then there is Sullivan with his resonant swan song for the first Chicago School, the Carson, Pirie, Scott store—done at the turn of the century in dogged defiance of the resurging classicism he saw all around.

Frank Lloyd Wright, who kept the revolution alive in Europe with his residential work, is shown with the Robie House of 1909, its canted, cantilevered roof planes extending far out in space and influence. But thereafter very little is shown until Mies, who is—predictably, justifiably—deified with his campus plan for Illinois Institute of Technology, the Lake Shore Drive apartment towers, the Farnsworth House, and the resplendent Chicago Federal Center (which may be thought of as the swan song of the Second Chicago School). The Miesian lineage is richly represented. From Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, we are given Myron Goldsmith (the United Airlines Building with wide spans of concrete); Walter Netsch (the University of Illinois Chicago Circle Campus—offbeat enough to place him in the outlaw zone); and two of the most upstanding sheriffs on the scene today, Bruce Graham and his engineering sidekick Fazlur Khan (the John Hancock and Sears towers). From their days at C. F. Murphy & Associates, we have Jacques Brownson (the Chicago Civic Center) and Gene Summers (the McCormick Place convention hall). In spite of historian James Marston Fitch's complaint, a couple of years back, about "this tradition of extroverted, freestanding monoliths designed for the climate of Plato's Republic"—a complaint shared by many observers and users of contemporary buildings—the sheriffs, in documenting their dominant force, have shown themselves to be far closer to the outlaws than they may find comforting. In this period of economic retrenchment, previously antagonistic theories about who caused what to happen, and in what order, may find grounds for reconciliation as architects are impelled to reflect upon their historical roots.

Lewis Mumford once wrote, "Every religion is a brave guess at the authorship of *Hamlet*. Yet would it make any difference to the actors if the playwright gave them the lines or whether they composed them themselves, so long as the lines were properly spoken?" Chicago architecture is such a religion. "Chicago Architects," with its pitch for pluralism, and "Continuity of Structure and Form," with its pitch for the primacy of straight structural expression, are both "brave guesses." But it is together that they elucidate a cumulative achievement as rich as Shakespeare's English. A multiplicity of new conditions now demands a more tolerant, variegated approach—an architecture that can animate people instead of merely enclosing them. And this clearly overrides theoretical differences. Chicago's celebrated practitioners hold a powerful message, but those who have slogged through life less visibly now become as vital a resource for perspective. The universality of structure and style so long sought by the keepers of the Chicago School will be in sight when the nature of universality is understood. Having spent a lifetime trying to understand it, physicist Neils Bohr found that "the opposite of one profound truth may very well be another profound truth." A similar discovery might prove to be Chicago's most enduring breakthrough. □

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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

Deathwatch

For all the killing so plainly visible on television, there is little serious interest in death. The omission is repaired by a 97-minute special starkly called "Dying," broadcast on Thursday, April 29, at 9 P.M., on most public-television stations. It is clearly an original experiment carried out with the highest of intentions; as to whether the experiment was worth making, I'm not so sure.

Producer Michael Roemer was hospitalized three years ago and advised that he might die; fortunately, the diagnosis of his condition proved wrong and he was later told he was back among the living. By coincidence, not long afterward, Roemer was asked by station WGBH in Boston to make a film about dying, and he accepted the proposal as a way of confronting his own fears.

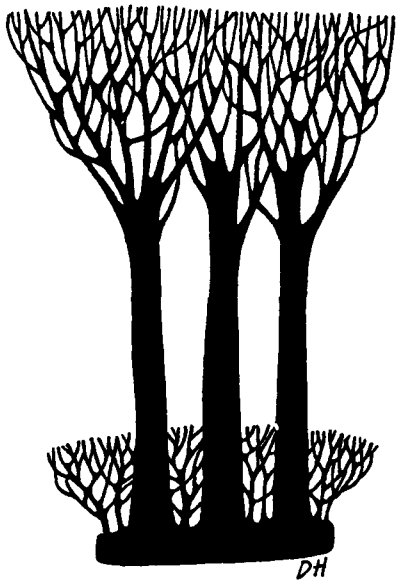
WGBH found three people, each stricken with terminal cancer, who agreed to the filming of their final agonies, and in "Dying" we see everything except, mercifully, the last gasps. First, there is Sally, a woman in her 60s with a crater the size of a half-grapefruit in her shaved skull; she has a marvelous crinkly smile and dies tranquilly at home with her mother. Next is Bill, a somewhat henpecked husband in his 40s whose wife constantly frets about the possibility that he will linger too long, spoiling her chances for remarriage. He dies punctually—almost, one feels, to oblige her. Finally, and most memorably, there is the Reverend Bryant, a black pastor blessed with superb ebony features, whose faith fortifies him for an enviably cheerful demise among a loving family and a devoted flock.

After attending the advance screening of the show, I found myself in a fierce inner debate, the arguments going like this:

Con: How awful! It's an example of new television chic, which flirts with a daring subject and promises revelations it cannot really deliver. It plays on our morbid curiosity and makes us indecent voyeurs into the most private of all events, very much in the tradition of the dreadful series on the Loud family, on which we witnessed the first true-life television divorce.

Pro: Nonsense! You're hiding your own squeamishness, and like most Americans don't want to face the finality of death. The camerawork is (you must admit) superlative, and, in contrast to all the bang-bang crime shows, the horror and dignity of death are disclosed fully.

My ambivalence, I suspect, will be generally shared; it is not a comfortable subject. But what tipped the balance in my own debate was this question: could I honestly say that I had learned anything about dying that I didn't already know? My answer was negative; at inordinate length, the film illustrates truisms, which



are tricked up with an introductory statement about how "personal" an event death is.

The film is in the tradition of the documentaries of Fred Wiseman, but with this difference: without any pretentious statements, Wiseman illuminates an experience (such as that of being on welfare, which he did last year) and enlarges our essential understanding.

Still (my other nagging voice says), there were ineradicable images in "Dying.". . .

DEATHBED SCENES recur with lugubrious frequency in "The Adams Chronicles," which I have been faithfully following since my lukewarm review of the first two episodes of this most ambitious of all public-television ventures (*SR*, Jan. 24). The series has just concluded, but rebroadcasts are certain; we will be living with the Adamses for a long time.

I am delighted that the "Chronicles" got higher ratings than anticipated, because the response may encourage similar serious historical dramas. But, alas, having seen nearly all 13 episodes, I find no reason to revise my initial judgment. The chief blemish, heavy-handedness, mars the whole work, and the civics-text quality is most boringly apparent in the episodes dealing with John Quincy Adams.

But I was curious how the producers would cope with the downbeat fourth-generation Adamses—Henry, Charles Francis, Jr., John Quincy, and Brooks—whose lives, in the Gilded Age, were a series of defeats. These were not the plaster-bust Adamses, but Americans whose bitter negativism has a contemporary ring.

Despite competent performances by Peter Brandon as Henry and by Charles Siebert as Charles Francis, the final two segments were limp. The dialogue suggests the fault: "I believe I can change what is wrong," says Charles Francis, explaining why he has gone into the railroad business. Replies Henry: "No one in the system can change it." How would anyone guess that these were among the most literate Americans of their time?

Even as history, the "Chronicles" misfire. Astonishingly, there is no reference in the final episodes to the furious controversy over American imperialism in the Pacific that divided not only Boston Brahmins but also the Adams brothers—even though the Vietnam tragedy had its genesis in the debate over American expansionism. This debate is passed over as the more obvious targets are hit, and in the closing words of the egregious narrator we are solemnly advised that "our institutions are no closer to solving the mysteries of human conduct."

Indeed. A good try, but no cigar. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 96

GLORIA JAHODA:
THE TRAIL OF TEARS

Florida's reputation in general was sinister. Mad John Randolph of Roanoke had told a congressional colleague sanely enough: "If I were given the choice of emigrating to Florida or to Hell, Sir, why then, Sir, I should choose Hell." Florida has malaria, cottonmouth moccasins, and huge rattlesnakes.

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Dance

by Walter Terry

Notes on a Creaky Myth

Moscow

A tour of the Soviet Union and other countries in Eastern Europe makes it abundantly clear that ballet troupes there are not only decades behind the rest of the world choreographically but also totally inferior to Western companies in stage deportment, in performing style, and—with the exception of certain major artists—in matters of technique. The vaunted Russian ballet superiority is a creaky myth.

Take stage behavior for a starter. Members of the *corps de ballet* of both Moscow's Bolshoi and Leningrad's Kirov gossip with each other on stage while soloists are dancing, scratch various areas of the anatomy, and gaze vacuously in the general direction of the audience. The Tulsa Civic Ballet would not tolerate such unprofessionalism, nor would any other of our more than 200 amateur regional ballet companies. Modern, sheer ballet tights for men have finally reached the U.S.S.R., but the males still wear those "fruit-of-the-warp-and-woof" (or whatever the brand may be) drawers dating back to czarist days (when tunics were *de rigueur*) under their see-through tights. Carelessness in matters of technical polish is prevalent, perhaps most easily observed in those vaunted Bolshoi leaps in which the lead leg pushes upward (giving an extra fillip to elevation) while the back leg, totally neglected and permitted to hang, trails along like an uncertain afterthought.

I wanted very much to like the fairly recent version of *Hamlet* that Konstantin Sergeyev choreographed for the Kirov. Sergeyev, a senior member of the Russian ballet community, is a fine gentleman—an honored artist who has suffered late in his career from the fact that the most famous ballet defectors (Nureyev, Makarova, Baryshnikov) came from the company which he formerly directed. Unfortunately, his *Hamlet* is a big, boring four-acter.

Maris Liepa—"Finding the 'today' in the 'echoes of yesterday.'"

Sergeyev, honestly striving to be up-to-date, simply uses surface modernizing. Old-time mime is replaced by "emoting" (as distinct from acting); realistic settings of castles and battlements are replaced with "suggestions" of castle walls or lighting effects to create shifts of scene. But the weary formula, more than a century old—group dance, solo, trio, acting or mime sequence, *pas de deux*, character dance, precision drill for courtiers or soldiers or whatever, no matter what order—is drearily repeated (as it was in every other four-act opus, new or old, that I attended).

There was one exception. Far and away the best ballet I saw was a new four-act propaganda ballet presented by the Ballet of the Stanislavsky Theater in Moscow. True, it followed the formula I have just outlined, but it was performed with vigor and conviction, with welcome stage discipline, with garish but effective scenery and stage effects (a flood, a blizzard, and the sudden emergence—at the apotheosis—of the Palace of Congresses itself), and with at least acceptable (if very broad) acting. I felt that for the first time I was seeing contemporary ballet on a Soviet stage.

The plot? The first two acts are retrospective (1934) and deal with the building of the Moscow subway. The final two acts are current, exploring courage in the face of the vicissitudes which workers encountered in the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway's new roadbed. In both periods, celebrating two different Five Year Plans, honest workers come up to and master destructive forces. In the first, a drunk (a hooligan, of course) makes it possible for a saboteur to do his worst, but although our red-kerchiefed heroine dies as she gives the warning signal, the day is saved. In the later acts, nature's storms and personal passions do their worst, but the Act 1 heroine returns as a living spirit and all ends happily.

I had never seen a Russian propaganda ballet before. This was for home consumption and not for tourists (indeed, I was urged by Muscovites to skip it as being "bad" and "modern," used interchangeably as terms of disparagement). For its very specific purpose, however, it did its job well, if with a total lack of subtlety. The sets, ranging from Siberian hut-communities to the Palace of Congresses, and the scenic effects, ranging from floods to snow squalls, were on the scale of productions at our own Radio City Music Hall. As for the dancers, they

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were the best trained and the most polished and vital performers I saw in Russia.

At the celebrated Bolshoi itself, the only truly distinguished performance I witnessed was one featuring the matchless Maya Plisetskaya, brilliant in two nondescript vehicles, *Carmen* and *La Rose Malade*. And on film I saw Maris Liepa in a dazzling array of roles, including a first-rate *Hamlet*, and in a television fantasy he choreographed himself. His performing artistry, in a limited number of touring roles, has been deeply admired by Americans, but a two-hour screening of him in a variety of characterizations made me realize that he is today a dance star with few if any equals in the U.S.S.R. Glimpses of his choreography made me think that very possibly in him lies the real hope of Soviet ballet finding the "today" in its otherwise "echoes of yesterday" choreography.

IN THE LOVELY Romanian capital of Bucharest, ballet is fettered by Bolshoi associations. The inevitable *Swan Lake* I saw was a Bolshoi-originated version in which the bad Bolshoi habits of poor body placement in technical areas, as well as wretched stage behavior, had brushed off on the Romanian dancers. Ileana Iliescu, honored artist and prima ballerina, was a good, if not great, interpreter of the dual role of Odette-Odile. In a backstage conversation, she expressed her almost desperate desire for new roles in new works based on the contemporary developments in Western ballet. Pavel Rotaru, her handsome prince, seemed in desperate need of direction; although the will was there, it appeared as if no one had taught him even the rudiments of danced acting.

The real, just-under-the-surface hope for Romanian ballet came to light at the dance high school in Bucharest. Not only were students and teachers eager, even restless, for something new, they were also asking for guidance in finding ways of using Romanian materials in new ballets, not as folkloric ballets but as contemporary works rooted in Romanian culture, Romanian qualities of character, Romanian tastes. With a Latinate language and heritage in the midst of a Slavic world, the Romanians know they are both unusual and special. If they can, they will escape from the deadening restrictions of an imposed and alien Soviet ballet system and will find their own ballet pathway to Romanian choreographic adventures. □

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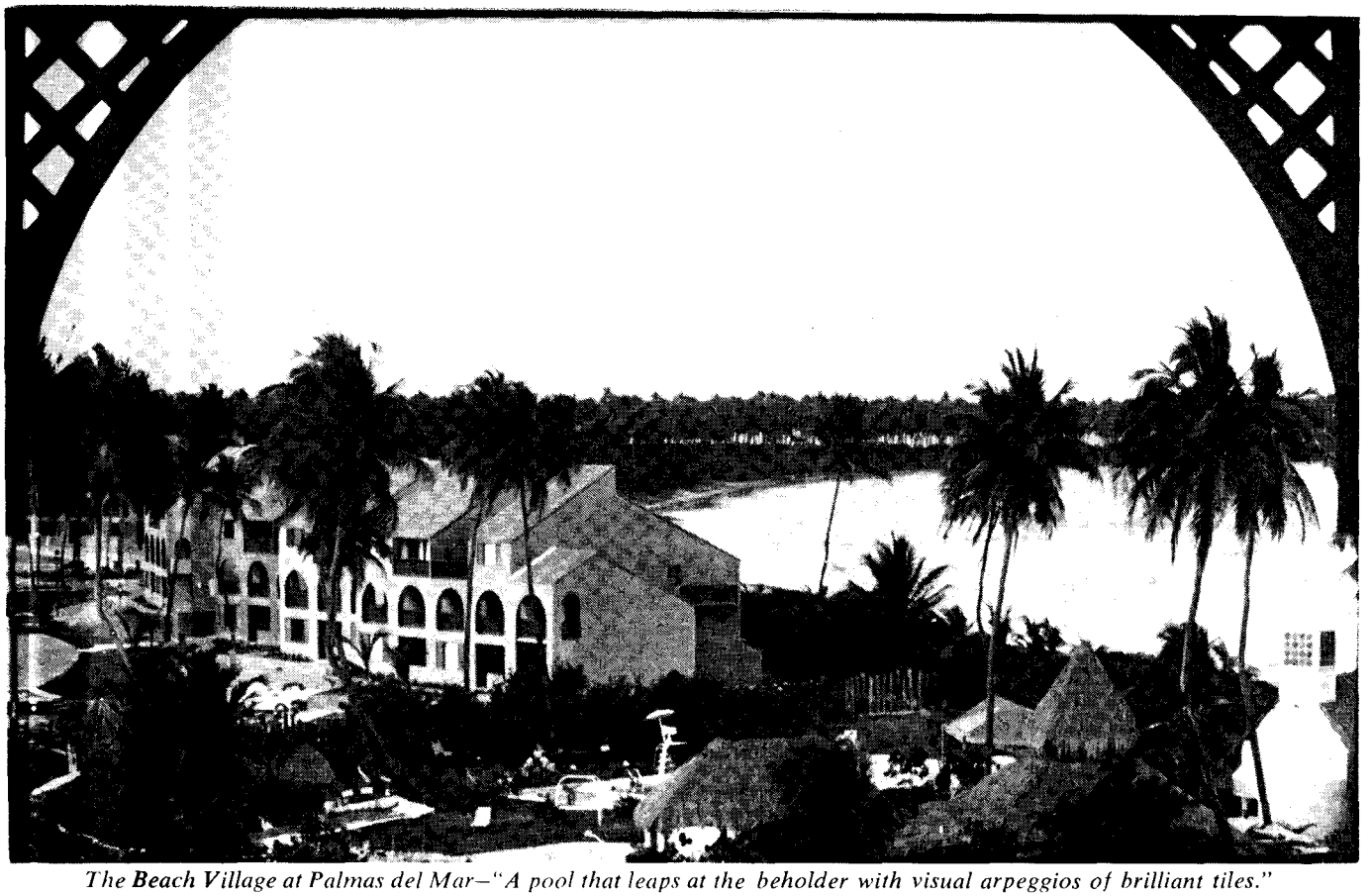

The Beach Village at Palmas del Mar—"A pool that leaps at the beholder with visual arpeggios of brilliant tiles."

East Side Story

by Horace Sutton

Providing nourishment, lodging, and amusement for the outlander has been a creditable calling in the West Indies ever since the cruise boats went to Havana and the gringos took lessons in the artful practice of dancing the rumba. In all the time that Cuba was popular, few visitors ever ventured farther from Havana than Varadero Beach, an hour away from the bright lights of the capital.

Puerto Rico, which has been in the tourist business for about 25 years now, which is to say roughly one-third of its lifetime under the U.S. flag, is only just beginning to entice the visitor to leave the neon swirl of San Juan. The lonely pioneers in the move upcountry have been Dorado Beach and Cerromar, the Rockefeller hotels, now about to be sold, and a playland called El Conquistador, a Vegas extravaganza near Fajardo which occupies the site of a small jewel of a hotel that, a few years ago, was shouldered out of the way when the high rollers arrived.

Two large resorts of substance and taste have opened well outside the capital, one called Rio Mar on the north coast where the Mameyes River runs into the Atlantic, and the other, called Palmas del Mar, on the east coast within sight of Vieques and Culebra, Puerto Rico's extended archipelago, and within reach of the Virgin Islands that lie beyond them.

Both encampments are in the real-estate business, which is to say they would like to sell condominium units or land on which to build houses, but both are also resorts, Rio Mar operated by Hyatt International, Palmas del Mar by Marriott. Handsome as it is, Rio Mar does not yet live up to its stunning brochure. The red-tiled roofs are there, topping the stark white village town houses. The 18 holes are ready, and there is a promise of 18 more. Seven tennis courts are in play, and there is a promise of six more. The tiled seats are in place in the water in case a thirsty swimmer pulls up at the poolside bar, but the congregation dines nightly at the tennis clubhouse until a restaurant is built.

Despite some problems of its own, including financing and change of ownership, Palmas del Mar, at 2,700 acres a full five times the size of Rio Mar and three years older, is well established. Its master plan is as impressive as it is visionary, with some elements scheduled for development 15 years hence. As for now it can be divided into five components, a tennis village called Monte Sol, which is built on a ridge line and is patterned after an Italian hill town—pasteurized version, of course; Cala de Palmas, a harbor village copied point-blank from Port Grimaud, the man-made marina-town near St. Tropez; the Beach Village, a condominium collection between the golf course and the sea; a residential neighborhood on the slopes of Mount Guayanes; and the Palmas Inn, the centerpiece of the resort operation. The inn has only 24 rooms, elegantly done up, and, like the lobby and other public rooms, set on a bluff looking down at the pool area, and an informal restaurant named, in the quintessence of preciou*skeit*, the Sun Fun Hut. It adjoins a spectacular pool that leaps at the beholder with its visual arpeggios of brilliant tiles baked in the ovens of Murano, in hues that would make a concentrated dose of Red Dye #2 seem as vivid as a case of acute anemia.

If there is anything at Palmas that doesn't quite play, it is the superimposition of Marriott's good and true Middle America-style cuisine on a development theme that is essentially sophisticated

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Mediterranean. The Jumacao Room, which serves a Continental menu, has added a salad and a bread bar, a circumstance that might have flipped the lid of César Ritz; yet the Sun Fun Hut, which serves steaks and ribs at dinner, doesn't have a salad bar, and that may flip the lid of Willard Marriott.

An extravaganza of sorts is served to a small sitting once a night (at $36 per sitting person) in a special den of nourishment called the Gourmet Dining Room. Breathes there a gastronome who would set silken toe over the threshold of any establishment called a "gourmet dining room"? The little Café de la Place, sandwiched in among the condominiums, has promise, and it would make a dandy sidewalk café in the style that Karim Khan has done so handily at Porto Cervo.

But all that is caviling. Palmas is a beautiful preserve with great realizations and enormous possibilities. One can take a bicycle or a horse and cruise down to Candelero, a thrust of land and palms and beach that reminds me of Tobago's Pigeon Point in its earliest days. A few thatched-roof huts are scattered in the clearing, and they serve as a base when barbecues are held here by the sea's edge. There is talk of putting in a seafood restaurant, and a master plan for some far-off day calls for a beach village. Across the mouth of the Candelero River, a trail leads to the stables now in temporary quarters at the northern edge of the property line.

A tropical forest near the center of the property has been left as it existed in the days of the Taino Indians. The only incursion is a boardwalk strung through its verdant brush, coursing through 44 varieties of plants, among them the curious strangler fig, which wraps itself around a host tree and kills it. Says the label—one can almost hear the stentorian commentary echoing in the wilderness—"In the last grotesque stage of this association, the strangler fig tree will stand alone in the place of its former host."

If the tropical forest will survive as an enclave of the pristine land, Cala de Palmas, the harbor village, will be the last word in the fabricated good life. Lines of harborside villas will rim its inlets and coves. Sidewalk cafés, boutiques, arcades, shops, restaurants will be fitted around its plazas. With all berths occupied, the marina will provide nesting space for 800 yachts.

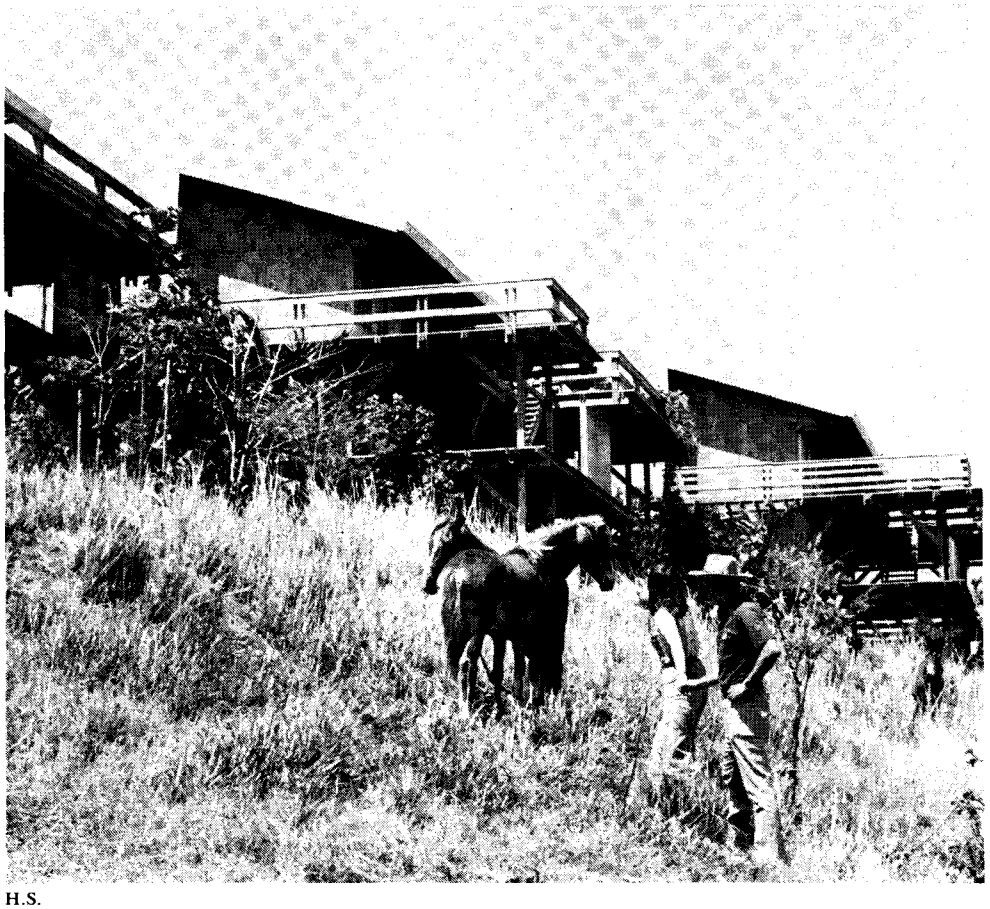
As it is in Hawaii, the land that once grew cane is now being cultivated for man's recreational needs. In the expansion out of the Hawaiian islands a few years ago, C. Brewer, a Hawaiian company, bought the tract near Humacao in eastern Puerto Rico. What started out as a cane plantation became a playland. Brewer organized a team to develop the tract. Although the master plan was approved by the Puerto Rican government, Brewer decided to sell the land. It was bought by Charles Fraser of Sea Pines at Hilton Head, and in the reorganization of that company, which found itself heavily overextended, the control passed last August into the hands of the original development team.

When it first unveiled its master plan, Palmas attracted as many Puerto Rican buyers as continentals, the Puerto Rican term for Americans who live on the mainland. Now the pattern is changing. A clique of Venezuelans has found Palmas, and so has a group of Milanese businessmen. For Europeans looking for a pied-à-terre away from a continent where the economic and social structure is as unpredictable as the winter weather, Palmas offers a warm, inviting oasis.

Humacao, now turning into an industrial center, is not an especially attractive town, but it can offer the accessibility of a Montessori school, a Catholic academy of some reputation, a regional college, and a new hospital. The highway from San Juan sports a new cutoff that makes Palmas a 45-minute drive from the capital. By air it takes 15 minutes.

There are a few restaurants in town, not exactly elegant, but interesting all the same for anyone willing to experiment with clam soup, crabmeat stew, or *asapao de langosta*—a soft rice and lobster ragout. Neither Tulio's, which has red tablecloths covered by clear plastic, nor Paradise, its competitor, is on the sea. Esteban Padilla, a widely traveled Puerto Rican who studied in France and Italy and who sketched the original plan for Palmas, sees the fishermen's village of Naguabo Playa and envisions a Croisette bordered with guesthouses. He sees seafood restaurants under mango trees and the flaming flamboyants and breadfruit, and boats coming in from Palmas across the bay.

At Humacao Playa, a great gentle curve of a beach, the government has plans to build simple cabins of the style that has been popular in Boquerón in the southwest part of the island. The



H.S.

Cottages at Punta Aloe—After the Culebra war, the navy sailed away.

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Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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Puerto Ricans use the cabins in summer, but they are usually available in winter, when only tourists wise to the islands know of their availability.

Humacao has air service to Vieques and Culebra, and so, for that matter, does Palmas del Mar's own small airline —which, additionally, flies to St. Thomas. Culebra is especially interesting since it has lived recently as a target island. After a spirited campaign—the Culebra War, they call it out here—the U.S. Navy departed the island last December.

The peninsula, pocked with shell craters, has now been eased into the National Park system, and part of the beautiful talcum-soft Flamenco Beach, which borders it, will be under park control. At least 11 other beaches girt the island, each of them edging the turquoise and aquamarine hues one still sees among the out islands of the Bahamas.

Dewey is the capital of Culebra, a metropolis of a few houses and stores and the airport. The day I arrived there, I was met by Druso Daubon, a Puerto Rican architect who had given up the T square and San Juan to be a Culebran entrepreneur. We drove in his 12-year-old Fiat, a car a passenger enters gingerly so that one's foot does not go through the floorboards. "I'm going to try to go up the hill," Druso said tentatively, as he aimed the Fiat up the slope toward the navy's observation post, from which its target spotters could record hits and misses fired by the ships' batteries.

We chugged upward through the fields of beige grass strewn with deep-brown lava rock, the car performing above Druso's expectations. "I did not know how far it would go today," he said as we reached the summit crowned with the striped yellow-and-orange buildings of the OP.

Below us, a kingfisher was sitting on the wire watching for hawks. The ferry from Fajardo was plowing through the sea on its way to this island, which in its entirety was a bird sanctuary before the navy created a target range.

Derek Burch, an English tropical biologist, and his wife manage a modest development called Punta Aloe, a cottage colony jointly owned by a consortium of professors, lawyers, and architects. Each of Aloe's eight houses has two bedrooms and a bath and a half, and sleeps four to six. The weekly cost is $280 for the cottage, bedding and linen included. The Punta Aloe car meets planes, takes guests shopping, and makes a once-weekly excursion to the beach. Burch doesn't often listen to the radio, much less to television. He would be unaware of an approaching hurricane were it not for the boats that pull into the hurricane hole at Ensenada Honda, a canal just below the hillside on which the houses are planted.

Candelero—Memories of Tobago.

Druso Daubon, and his wife, Jane, who is from Philadelphia, have a handful of rooms in their auberge, which is called Seafarer's Inn. Three are being converted for housekeeping. The Daubons serve a coffee-and-toast breakfast that goes with the room at $20 a day. A refrigerator is set aside for the guests' use should they want to store food or potables; the bar is open and on the honor system.

The glory of Seafarer's is its kitchen, in whose management both Druso and Jane are deeply involved. Druso provides the daily catch, which could include anything from pluma, which is akin to a porgy, to sea snails plucked from the rocks when the sea is calm, tenderized, and cooked with garlic and wine until the fumes are clouds of condensed ecstasy. The result is *caracoles al ajillo*. Dinner is $12 and worth it, but it is by appointment only, and unless you whistle far ahead, and convincingly, the Daubons don't do lunches. □

Second of two articles on Puerto Rico.

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Here Come the Bribes

When you tip a hotel doorman a dollar to whistle you up a taxi ahead of the others standing there on a rainy day, you are bribing him. And so it is that if you happen to be an airplane manufacturer and you're trying to whistle up a buyer for a dozen of your $20-million jets, the tip is a little more generous—a million dollars or more. Even for a six-pack.

Of course when the high officials of our leading plane manufacturers were called in by congressional committees and were asked if they had slipped huge bribes to the right people in some foreign countries, they said no, they had slipped huge commissions. Okay, for the moment let's go along with that euphemism. In the true spirit, we forgive them their transactions if they forgive ours with the hotel doorman.

During the hearings, these airplane moguls spoke glibly of scattering multi-million-dollar commissions around the world and even went on to mention the names of the alleged foreign receivers of their largess. They stepped on a lot of important toes. That really hurt.

They even stepped on the toes of Prince Bernhard of Holland in connection with an alleged commission of $1.1 million. And that hurt. Even through wooden shoes.

A Lockheed official told congressmen that his company had paid a $7.1 million commission to one inscrutable individual in Japan, where all that low undulating is the correct posture for receiving something under the table.

All in all, it was not the finest hour for our highly vaunted *free* enterprise system. Day after day on TV newscasts, viewers were startled and surprised to hear Walter Cronkite tell us confidentially about these secret commissions, which he shamelessly insisted on calling "bribes."

TV watchers could not have been more startled and surprised if they had just seen Carol Burnett, while singing her weekly good-night theme song, pull her right earlobe instead of her left, which she has explained is a secret way of slipping a message of love to her grandmother.

Of course the shocking surprise that swept the nation on learning about these huge commissions (okay, enough politeness—huge bribes) was mainly because of the enormity of the amounts involved. But the practice of bribing has been standard as far back as I can remember.

When I was four years old, my beautiful, soft-spoken mother slipped me a penny to induce me to drink a teaspoonful of some horrible medicine. When I reached five, and for a lot of birthdays following, she stood me straight-backed against the kitchen wall and made a mark to indicate my growth rate.

For every added inch, or part thereof, she slipped me a nickel to bribe me to become tall and strong and "someday be President of the United States," or at the very least beat Sargent Shriver in a primary. Today, of course, that nickel would be considered not a bribe but a legal contribution to a Presidential campaign fund.

(Incidentally, if you're interested, for the past five years or so, I've stood as straight back as I can, and the pencil marks are going the other way. Somewhere along the years they indicate I've lost a half inch to Time.)

If you don't happen to be the head of an airplane company, you don't bribe. You tip. There is a borderline difference. The dictionary defines a tip as a small present of money given for service to a waiter or porter, etc. A bribe is defined as a price, reward, gift, or favor bestowed or promised to induce one to commit a wrong or illegal act.

And more important, as we all quietly tiptoe through life on our tips, there is very little danger that Walter Cronkite will ever mention us on his nightly newscasts, even though some of the tips in vogue these days would not be what the dictionary calls a small amount of money.

Taking a leaf from the huge bribes paid by the airplane companies, men in small businesses have raised their tips commensurately. What once was a 10-cent shoeshine in mid-Manhattan is now 50 cents. You hand the man a dollar, and he gives you two quarters. If you dare ask for change of a quarter, the next time you will walk out with one black shoe and one brown.

Similarly, if you don't tip your mailman around Christmastime, the next letter you will receive will be an announcement of plans for the Tricentennial. And you have to tip a maître d' five dollars to get a good table in a fine restaurant. Unless you don't mind eating off your lap.

Likewise, as the borderline between a tip and a bribe grows dimmer, what used to be a small amount of change in a collection plate in church has grown to folding money, a bribe to ensure your getting a good table in heaven. Unless you don't mind having your wings clipped. □

"It's a one-liner."

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Nuke Biz

Dick Scott, who is one of my neighbors, called me in order to be assured that I'd be supporting the Nuclear Safeguards Act, which will be voted on in June here in California. I told him not to worry.

Dick is a graduate of Harvard Business School and was, until very recently, vice-president of Dillingham Development Co., a very large real-estate development corporation. He quit his job in order to work full time for passage of the initiative, which demands reasonable safeguards for nuclear power plants and asks for full insurance coverage in case of a nuclear accident. At present, there's a liability limit of $560 million, which supporters of the initiative say is unrealistic in light of the actual damage an accident might inflict.

I was greatly impressed when Dick told me he'd gone so far as to quit his job. He's now head of fund-raising for Southern California.

I recalled that, a few months ago, a student at Berkeley named Charlie Burton, who was also working for the Nuclear Safeguards Act, had told me that the big opponents of the bill—largely the corporations that stand to make a great deal of money directly or indirectly from the construction of nuclear plants—were using a strange, quasi-Orwellian language when speaking of the problems connected with nuclear power. For instance, he said, people who might be hit with heavy doses of radioactivity are called not "victims" but "receptors."

I asked Dick Scott if he knew anything of the peculiar jargon of nuke biz. He had a few samples:

A nuclear accident isn't called an accident; it's an "abnormal occurrence" or an "incident."

Leakages of radioactive materials are "migrations."

A meltdown is called either a LOCA, which is an acronym for "loss of coolant accident" (I wonder why not LOCI for "loss of coolant *incident*"), or a "loss of core geometry."

John Fuller, in *We Almost Lost Detroit,* says:

> The possibility of a runaway meltdown is the most critical problem that any reactor . . . must face. When nuclear fuel, usually uranium, melts like a candle into a waxy, drippy mass, it can become unpredictable. It might melt down through the bottom of the reactor vessel in what engineers call the "China Syndrome"—the molten mass of uranium heading down through the earth toward China.

So a loss of core geometry could lead to a loss of core geography.

Last year, I went to a conference on technical communications, and I had with me my miraculous little Hitachi cassette recorder. It sat on the desk-arms of the various chairs I occupied during the weekend. I just tracked down the cassette that held the record of the one rather frightening episode at an otherwise very pleasant conference. The scheduled speaker had just talked of the need for good education, and the question-and-answer period had opened. The first questioner brought up a point that, in retrospect, seems to have come out of left field. He said, "I think it's very well to accept the fact of working toward a certain education level in school, but there's a problem here, too. So long as it does not lead to a distortion or misstatement of facts in reaching that level. The prime example here is the current anti-nuclear campaign going on in California, which is based on half-truths, distortions, and over-emotionalized protest. The average person can't understand the details, and you've got to pitch it sensationally at him, and as a result. . . ." At this point, my agitation was evidently so great that anything in the vicinity of the cassette that could rattle started rattling, and the rest of the statement is lost. What he wanted to know, though, was how to counter the arguments of the know-nothing environmentalist freaks who thought that nuclear power was dangerous.

I quickly revealed myself as one of the enemy, and the symposium ended with two other environmentalist freaks and me in a rather heated argument with about 50 fervid supporters of nuclear power plants.

One group of very distinguished scientists says that we should start building nuclear power plants immediately or there will be a severe wrench in the American Way of Life, as well as catastrophic unemployment. We don't yet know how to dispose of nuclear waste, but don't worry: we'll figure that out someday.

A second group of equally distinguished scientists claims that nuclear power plants are not necessary, that we may never learn how to dispose of nuclear waste, and that the potential for death and destruction involved in nuclear power plants is limitless.

I have no difficulty making up my mind, especially after learning that most of the scientists in the pro-nuclear group have a personal stake in the development of nuclear power plants. I can't pretend to know with absolute certainty who's right, but common sense tells me which group I'll side with.

Besides, I don't like the language of the pro-nuclear group. I don't want any of us to become receptors as a result of a migration or a loss of core geometry. □

"I'll tell you what's wrong with the country! The women are polarized, the kids are polarized, the minorities are polarized, the hardhats are polarized, and nobody knows what polarized means!"

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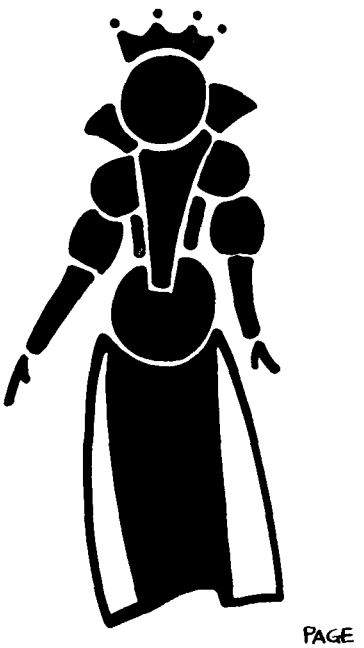
(Report From London:
continued from page 12.)
and other recipients of government largess. But there is considerable skepticism whether any government can tame the monster that has been created. "I don't believe a word they say," confides the flower vendor on the corner. "This country is run by the bureaucrats, and I can't see them giving themselves the sack." It is a sentiment shared by *The Economist*, which suggests that government functionaries will simply transfer projects from the "action" tray to the "pending" tray and sit tight in their jobs, waiting for the pendulum to swing back.

MEANWHILE, business stagnates, unemployment mounts, and the balance of payments worsens. Last fall it was officially conceded that moribund industries should no longer be kept alive merely to maintain jobs for featherbedding em-



ployees. "The performance of our industry since 1945," Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey belatedly acknowledged, "has been steadily deteriorating," and he enunciated a long-range program "to transform a declining economy into a high-output, high-earnings economy, based on full employment." This goal would be reached by directing government investment only into those industries where Britain could hope to compete successfully in the world market. Again, skeptics applauded the sentiments while doubting the results.

And with good reason. A few weeks after proclaiming the brave new scheme for modernizing British industry, the government decided to bail out Chrysler U.K.—a longtime loser in the international auto marketplace—with a grant of about £170 million. There was, of course, a good political reason for rescuing Chrysler. Several thousand jobs were at stake in the company's Scotland plant, and at that stage of the game—with the Scottish Nationalist Party making increasingly worrisome inroads into what was once a solid Labour fiefdom—the Labour government could ill afford to make any more Scottish enemies. But the Chrysler decision, whatever the political motivation, gave one to wonder if the talk about phasing out Britain's inefficient industries was anything other than words.

The litany of economic woes appears implacably gloomy, and yet there is a curious sense of hope in the land, a breath of optimism indiscernible a year ago. Then, responsible people were seriously contemplating a total collapse of the pound sterling and envisaging a runaway inflation along Weimar Republic lines. The worst did not happen, and now one senses a feeling that the danger is safely past. This impression has to do more with attitudes than with anything else. Labor-union members finally seem to have realized that inflationary wage rises breed inflationary price rises, and for the first time in years Britain is relatively free of major work stoppages. The government finally seems to have realized that its spending binge must be curtailed and that the cure for Britain's ills does not lie in soaking the rich and the industrious. And the British people finally seem to have realized that the long post-war party is over, that salvation may just possibly lie in working harder and more efficiently.

So far these new attitudes have not been translated into much accomplishment. And perhaps no spectacular progress can be expected until a new generation—less contaminated by the shibboleths of welfare-statism—takes command. But there is at least an implicit acknowledgment that Britain has wandered seriously off course. If there is as yet no consensus as to how to get the ship of state back into the mainstream, there is at least agreement that belts must be tightened until a way is found. It again seems possible that British common sense and level-headedness may yet win through. "You might say," a friend quipped, "that instead of going down the drain, we are now going up the drain." □

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GERALDINE: I still love you but you've got to decide between Marty and his mole and me. Seymour.

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Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 57* (see page 36): A genius is a man who does unique things of which nobody would expect him to be capable. Lucas

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 30): tingles, singlet, glisten.

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Double-Crostic No. 97

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 Y	2 B	3 D		4 K	5 J	6 E	7 M	8 W	9 R		10 S	11 P		12 Z	13 N	14 M	
15 P	16 F	17 A	18 X	19 O		20 N	21 U	22 K	23 S	24 Q	25 Z	26 E	27 B		28 Z	29 H	30 O
31 Q		32 N	33 U	34 F		35 Z	36 L	37 A	38 G	39 I	40 E		41 T	42 M		43 P	44 Y
45 O		46 Y	47 L	48 G	49 R	50 C	51 H		52 I	53 E	54 L		55 R	56 F		57 O	58 Z
59 P		60 G	61 W	62 E	63 C	64 U	65 J	66 S		67 U	68 W	69 L	70 T		71 Y	72 F	
73 I	74 Z		75 C	76 M	77 P	78 A	79 N	80 H	81 Z	82 E	83 L		84 T	85 I		86 N	87 W
88 Y	89 Q	90 R	91 F	92 J		93 P	94 E	95 S		96 K	97 W	98 M	99 S		100 F	101 A	102 N
103 X	104 Q	105 C	106 P		107 Y	108 I	109 G	110 R	111 V	112 T	113 O		114 I	115 T	116 W	117 U	118 A
119 J		120 H	121 T	122 U		123 F	124 G	125 S	126 V		127 B	128 V	129 P	130 A	131 I		132 N
133 K	134 M	135 Z	136 X	137 S		138 C	139 D	140 V	141 T		142 S	143 W	144 J	145 B		146 W	147 K
148 T	149 G		150 B	151 U	152 H	153 T	154 P	155 M	156 D	157 X		158 J	159 O	160 F	161 Y	162 G	163 B
	164 H	165 V		166 W	167 D	168 M		169 B	170 V	171 P	172 K	173 O	174 Q	175 G	176 T	177 C	
178 Y	179 Q	180 E	181 T	182 R	183 U	184 H	185 V	186 X		187 I	188 V	189 K		190 S	191 N		192 O
193 U	194 Q	195 M	196 I	197 D	198 B												

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Put into an irritable mood	17 37 78 101 118 130
B. The white hellebore (*Veratrum album*) of Europe	150 163 169 2 127 145 198 27
C. Having a covering	50 63 75 105 138 177
D. Reception, usually in someone's honor	197 3 139 156 167
E. Gradually	6 40 62 94 180 26 53 82
F. Not knowing	91 100 123 160 16 34 56 72
G. "For we will ____ this world no longer" (2 wds.; Yeats, "The Shadowy Waters")	38 60 48 109 124 162 175 149
H. Source of one of Bacon's four classes of Idols (2 wds.)	164 29 51 80 120 152 184
I. Unmindful	187 196 52 73 114 39 85 108 131
J. Strengthened, fortified, braced	65 92 119 144 158 5
K. English city that still has its entire Roman wall	96 133 147 172 189 4 22
L. Out of practice	36 47 69 83 54
M. Equipped	134 195 7 42 76 155 168 14 98

CLUES	WORDS
N. Rather strong	20 32 79 102 191 86 132 13
O. Astronomical instruments used in measuring angular distances	19 45 159 192 30 113 57 173
P. Regarded as worthless, lost, obsolete, etc. (2 wds.)	93 129 106 15 43 59 154 171 11 77
Q. Because of (2 wds.)	179 174 24 104 89 31 194
R. Piedmontese musician (1533?–66), favorite of Mary Queen of Scots	9 90 110 49 55 182
S. Subdivision into mutually exclusive halves or pairs	137 99 125 142 190 66 10 23 95
T. Disregard	181 141 148 70 153 176 115 84 112 41 121
U. Introduced (2 wds.)	21 183 33 64 193 67 122 117 151
V. Decisive or critical time in warfare (2 wds.)	111 140 170 128 126 165 188 185
W. Seaport on southwest Mindanao	116 68 87 146 8 143 61 166 97
X. County borough, West Riding, on the Aire River	136 103 18 157 186
Y. Strongly expressive	161 107 46 44 88 1 71 178
Z. Excludes; renders scoreless (2 wds.)	25 58 81 12 74 35 135 28

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 96* appears on page 51.

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Parliament

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BILL KAUFMANN

HOME: Glendale, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Astrophysicist

HOBBIES: Tennis, skiing, classical music.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Gravitation" by Misner, Thorne and Wheeler

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote "The Cosmic Frontiers of General Relativity" and is currently working on a screenplay about the discovery of a black hole in outer space and man's attempt to harness its energy.

QUOTE: "The expanding horizons of man's knowledge of the universe have dramatically shaped the course of western civilization. I strongly feel that the scientist has a profound moral obligation to communicate advances in science to the general public."

PROFILE: Concerned. Deeply involved with astrophysics as a vehicle for advancing the social sciences.

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